TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Those who read novels, as a rule, pay but little heed to the methods of the novelist, and I fear that the motive of the writer excites little attention when the reader is simply on pleasure bent and loses himself or herself in the plot and becomes absorbed in the fate of hero or heroine. In my small way and in a literary sense at least, in a most uninfluential way, I have always been an adherent of the realistic school of fiction. Like many others I have time to read but little, yet that little was most pleasing when it held a mirror up to nature and scorned to conceal the faults and foibles of the subject while extolling chivalry and virtue. I have spent Sunday reading The Kreutzer Sonata. I make no apology for having devoted my day of rest to this book, for what is fit to read on one day is not unfit on another. But I admit that it has been a shock to me, and I was glad that I had all day to think it over. Socially and religiously Count Leo Tolstoi is an enthusiastic reformer. His life has been a strange admixture of the Russian aristocrat and the sullen Slav revolutionist. Born in a palace, he can be found on his estates attired as a peasant following the plow and preaching self-abnegation. W. D. Howells, more than any other man in America, made him and his work the fad of the day. As a man of the world, as Count Tolstoi, the aristocrat, he wrote Anna Karenina and War and Peace. Then came the change which is apt to come to receptive men when wickedness, but slightly indulged in palls, upon a mind sickened by grossness and self-indulgence, and he began to write little tales for the peasantry, genius illumining every line. In Sevastopol we had pictures of the villainous characters who rule Russia in a minor capacity and, as everywhere, the Dead Sea fruit of vice was made to teach the reader what everybody says and nobody apparently believes. In The Kreutzer Sonata matrimonial sensuality is his chief theme. If Zola had written the book I had not dared mention it, but having come from the pen of a religious recluse, being the work of a man who seems to have given up his life for his fellowman, we are permitted to read and in fright and disgust ask if the world is as bad as he pictures it. Zola, Daudet and other Frenchmen, who have never preached, but only written, could not have touched this forbidden theme and expected to find either a decent translator or respectable English publisher. Tolstoi, in the same man, has found one who is presumed to be both. One reads the book and loathes it. Yet there is the thought that there is some horrible truth in it. It is the story of a Russian who is almost a madman, who distorts life and whose face become hideous as he speaks. When we finish reading the poisonous taste is still in our mouth and either apologetically, or in attempt to return to the clean sweet ideal, we strive to rid ourselves of the nausea and tremble lest its virus has become a part of our thoughts. If no other book like it were ever to be written it might serve as an awakener; if it had been written for writers and not for readers it might have had a place; in the hands of the multitude it maybe poisonous; one cannot always tell. Perhaps from one dose they may recover, but there are few but the vicious who can be thus disillusionized and remain even as pure as before. The majority simply accept the degraded idea as truth without learning to look higher or act more nobly. No matter what Count Tolstoi's fiercest critics may say, it remains true that habit and animalism hold more families together than purer and nobler attachments, but it is also true that when such is generally realized to be true nearly all beautiful illusions take flight and sensuality and sin, hideous and unhidden take the place of what had been, at least occasionally, beauteous, self-sacrificing and uplifting. If the world were as bad as Tolstoi would have us believe, this is all true, but while he may speak truthfully of Russia he slanders our race in England and America. This book is not therefore a tirade against marriage, it is but an appeal for the extinction of the race—which if it is no better than he paints it, is unfit to survive.

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The arrest in this city of Mrs. Edith Sessions Tupper, a bright and well known New York journalist, in mistake for Mary Wilson, a domestic-thief, is exciting considerable attention. Mrs. Tupper not unnaturally feels very much aggrieved over her experience and has written a very graphic account of it for the New York *World*. The incident brings out with unusual strength the many-sidedness of a question where the rights of the individual have been sacrificed, presumably for the good of the many. Our police force is by no means perfect and there is a tendency to put people in the cells on slight provocation and insufficient evidence, of which Torontonians are not at all proud. That a mistake should have been made in the case of Mrs. Tupper is particularly irritating to her friends. As a description of the affair has been given to the public picturing our force in a by no means complimentary light it is aggravating to the whole people. As I happen to be one of those to whom Mrs. Tupper asked the police to appeal for identification, and was her single literary acquaintance in this city, it may be presumed that I shall feel inclined to discuss the matter in a somewhat partisan way, but on the other hand Detective Reburn is a personal friend of mine, and though he may make mistakes he is a man whom everybody knows to be beyond the reach of a bribe, and when he errs at all it is in the direction of sacrificing himself to his ideal of duty as an officer.

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Mrs. Tupper is a bright little woman, as unlike a servant-girl sneak-thief as one could conceive. She did not answer the description telegraphed from Buffalo, but she held a check the number of which a fool officer in Buffalo had determined belonged to a piece of stolen baggage. With such a telegram in one hand and the check Mrs. Tupper had presented in the other, one can excuse Detective Reburn for his mistake, if we primarily admit the right of officers to arrest people on suspicion, detain them on the strength of telegrams or search them because of supposed resemblances. None of the friends of Mrs. Tupper are inclined to admit any such right in her case, and the hardship of her experience would lead us to believe that such power, when unintelligently exercised, is exceedingly dangerous and trying. Her case has excited unusual sympathy and attention because she has the *entree* to many leading newspapers and possesses the power of expressing herself in a forcible and thrilling way. Had she been a less important person, less of a woman of the world, less used to unexpected experiences, but little public sympathy would have been excited, yet the ordeal would have been more difficult for her to bear. Had the person arrested and detained on suspicion been simply a young school miss or a servant-girl changing her residence from one city to another, the fright occasioned by being in the hands of police, the fear that her character had been irretrievably damaged, the overwhelming sense of helplessness would have been something we should not like to contemplate as coming into the life, even momentarily, of anyone we care for. For an experience of that sort to last four or five hours with police officers as surroundings, and the filthy cells of the central station as a background, is absolutely loathsome, and that those Mrs. Tupper asked to be sent for, to identify her, were not called on, is unaccountable. Furthermore, that so few reporters of the daily papers have not seen this phase of the question in its proper light is not a credit to their regard for womankind, or the *esprit de corps* which should impel them to champion the cause of one in their own profession. The reason for this is not hard to find. Those who write of such matters have to look to the police for information and their first impulse is to be solid with the detectives, as the police reporter who is boycotted by the officers might as well resign his position on a newspaper. The exceeding anxiety of some of the reporters to protect the detectives at Mrs. Tupper's expense is not pretty.

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With regard to the infringement of a citizen's rights it must be remembered, however, that when by common consent we establish law and an executive to put it into force, the individual must occasionally be inconvenienced by the limitation of that law and the attempts to enforce it. The ideal executive is one which does not interfere unnecessarily with the liberty of the subject, does not put to shame innocent people, does not alarm and disturb those who have a right to protection and should not have been detained or investigated while in the pursuit of their ordinary calling. That our police executive in this city is not such, we have had ample opportunity to observe, but as our experience is local we are naturally unaware of the same or similar friction occurring elsewhere. If no one was detained on suspicion, no one arrested because of a telegram, no one searched except those for whom a warrant has been issued, presumably the number of offenders who would escape detection might be increased, and before we can judge the extent of Detective Reburn's mistake we must be able to weigh those things which have been placed in the balance by our police code as against the rights of the individual. We pride ourselves on being a law-abiding city, and frequently boast, it seems to me in an unseemly manner, of the rigid enforcement of our laws. It strikes me it would be better if many guilty persons were permitted to escape rather than that one innocent victim be placed in such a disturbing and unnerving situation as that in which Mrs. Tupper found herself. That the incident occurred is not the fault of Detective Reburn but a legitimate result of the presumption on the part of our police authorities that they have a right to arrest anybody and everybody and make a holy show of them without first using every effort to protect the accused from the public gaze and the calumny which almost invariably follows false arrest. Of course we regret to see the guilty escape, but in the instance quoted, and in the majority of such cases, police surveillance was all that was necessary until something more tangible than the number of a check or the color of a gown was furnished. A couple of trunks and their contents are less valuable, and the detection of crime less material, than the preservation of the innocent from persecution and the taint of the cell. Now that we know arrests are being made on such flimsy pretexts, an effort should be made in the direction of a reform which shall spare us from any further scandals of this sort.

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A great how-d'ye-do is being made about the unsanitary state of the city because typhoid fever is unusually prevalent, those raising the cry apparently ignoring the fact that Toronto was never cleaner then at present, nor was it ever in a really sanitary condition. We have discussed trunk sewers and all the topics relating to a proper system, but are just as far away from the talked-of reforms as ever. It is now tax-paying time, and we know that our contributions to the city fund are no trifles, but in the way of permanent improvements or anything for the city's good we have nothing more than we have had for lo! these many years. We have been promised many things, but have got nothing, and retrogression would not be so plainly marked were it not for the fact that we are neither husbanding our resources nor retaining our right to that which should be a source of income. Somehow when there is a crisis and we call upon our municipal gods to save us, they are deaf or away fishing. We bonus railways only to see them join in a league against us, give value to real estate and those who hold it shriek whenever they have to pay taxes. Our city property is leased at paltry rental and the Canadian Pacific Railway is calmly taking possession of thirty acres to which it has no earthly right. The aggression of the C.P.R. is no new thing. The Citizens' Association have been endeavoring to arouse the aldermen to a sense of their duty and were mostly laughed at for their pains. At each juncture feasible means of preventing the seizure of our property by the C.P.R. have been proposed, scoffed at and rejected. The scheme of declaring the continuation of Lorne street a public highway was proposed to the mayor and city engineer, who were taken over the ground many months ago and declared themselves in favor of the movement, but instead of anything being done the matter was left in abeyance until the city was startled by the impudent assumption of the C. P. R that they had a right to settle by arbitration what payment they should make for the water front. Acting-Mayor Boustead appears to have taken hold of this matter as if business were meant, but a dozen times previously the mayor has made similar spasmodic movements and dropped back like a lazy horse as soon as the lash of public opinion was removed.

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Great schemes for re-dividing the city, reorganizing the various departments and getting our affairs into some sort of shape, have been made with a loud flourish of trumpets and abandoned almost before the official count had settled the results of election day and buried the promises made prior to it.

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More than once the citizens have elected a mayor pledged to necessary reforms. Aldermanic candidates have sworn before high heaven and the free and independent elector that they would rest neither night nor day until things were in better shape. Now we are waking up to find that they were never worse. Last year I suggested that the Citizens' Association should show a realizing sense of our necessities by making an effort to induce good men to become candidates for seats in the City Council. They preferred to go on theorizing and acting in a sincere but impractical way which has resulted in nothing except the disgust of many of their most earnest workers. They have still another chance if their organization be awakened from the torpor induced by the feeling that nothing can be done, make arrangements for good men to be candidates in every ward and pledged to such reforms as are esteemed necessary and possible, and nominate some good man for mayor. Mayor Clarke cannot be anxious to retain the office longer, and as he has accomplished so little this year there can be no general clamor for his further candidacy. If the Citizens' Association, voicing as it does the belief of a large section of the property holders and most progressive citizens that large reforms are absolutely necessary, should select either from its membership or from among those who enjoy the public confidence, men who will pledge themselves if elected to serve the city for one year or two to the best of their ability, and to bring about a change in our methods, it might very properly disband and leave its work to those it had selected and who having been endorsed by the people would not be open to the sneers which have been levelled at "self-elected reformers," "busy-bodies," "ambitious disturbers." Unless something of this sort is done, next year will be worse than this. Hope deferred for these reforms has made the public heartsick, and the majority of people now are learning to consider the evils of our government incurable, and the possibility of getting good men to undertake reforms for us so remote as to be scarcely worth the effort. Before those who have some heart in them for this work are entirely disabled by lack of backing or discredited by repeated failure, let an effort be made this fall to induce some of our best citizens to enter the Council for a year or two with the idea of doing something for the city while sacrificing themselves. There are enough self-sacrificing men, clear-headed business men, in conjunction with those men who are now worthy members of the Council, to bring about all the changes we need within a twelve-month and start the machine running right. Why should this not be done With a Council that represents the city, and not cliques of contractors and real estate boomers, no such thing as a Citizens' Association would be necessary. And why, let me ask again, should not the present Association wind up its existence by getting aldermen into the Council in whom it will have confidence and personally aiding them in every way to bring about the changes demanded by our growth and prospects?

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While municipal politics are becoming important the long struggle of the dailies to have something in their editorial columns has become really pitiful. The only live topic suggested is the possibility of an election before another session of the Dominion House, with perhaps the abandonment by everybody of the Equal Rights fight as a second. Without distinction of party we are all aware that when Sir John sees fit to have an election we are likely to have one. Those of us who are somewhat conservative in our party affiliation are disposed to think there is no one who better understands when for the good of the country—and from his standpoint it makes it identical with the good of the party—an election is most necessary. As I am uninformed I can give no information, but I imagine there will be no election until next fall.

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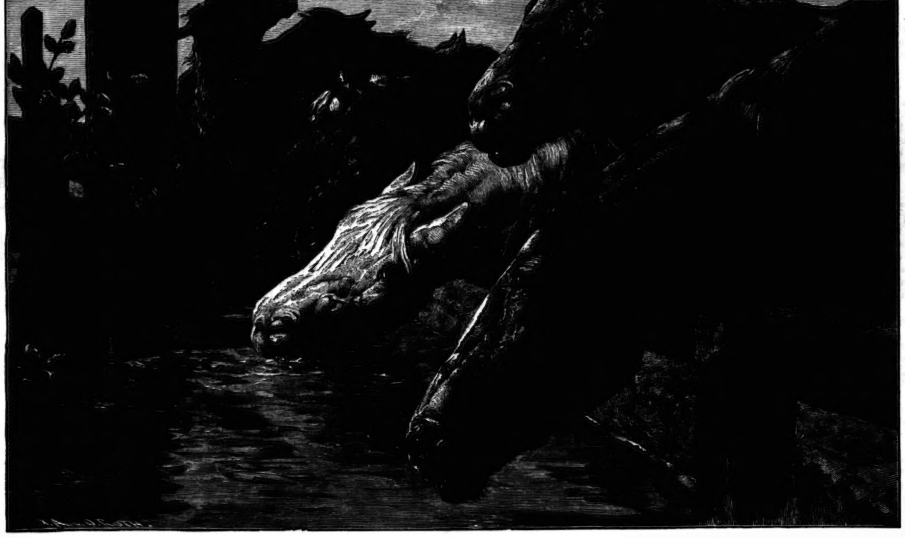
With regard to the influence of the Equal Rights movement, and the attitude of Orangemen towards the Dominion Government, it seems to me easy to predict the result. The *Globe* which, in unison with Principal Caven, the henchman of Mr. Mowat, has been overzealous in discrediting the Equal Rights movement, hopes that it is dead and weeps many wet and hypocritical tears over its decadences. After what was done by Principal Caven, it is impossible for the Equal Rights movement to have anything but a partisan meaning. Ephraim is so wedded to his idols—even when Ephraim makes his living by denouncing idolatry—that anything under the name of Equal Rights has been rendered impossible. The *Globe* may weep and sneer, and sneer and weep, but the average elector thoroughly understands that the sneer is bluff and the weeping hypocrisy. A good movement, but one which I always presumed would result in failure because it was headed by clergy, has been wrecked by Principal Caven's unseemly and unconcealed partisanship. The only Grit roots of the Equal Rights movement were rotten from the beginning, and since Principal Caven and John Charlton and the balance of the Grit henchmen have been lopped off, it is not strange that the Orange body feel that they, being the only ones left—excepting only the Conservatives who religiously and politically have the same



THE TEMPERANCE MEETING.

belief—must act with Sir John as against the party led by a French Canadian and manned in this province by those who hold office by reason of their subservience to the hierarchy. The *Globe* knows that the Orange body will be on the side which it had previously espoused in politics in this province, it may mourn because a little wedge of principle has not torn the Conservative party to pieces; the fact remains that there is but one choice to make and that is between Sir John, who has rules the country by means of factions, and Mr. Laurier, who would rule the country as if it were a faction.

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In decidedly bad taste is the conclusion o those *Globe* editorials which mourn the slough nto which principle in politics has fallen. It s invariably its hopeful note that when Sir John dies political chaos will come and the party of secession, annexation, commercial union, unrestricted reciprocity, free trade, and alleged purity will come into power. None of us have any respect for the poor relatives who wait with mourning on their hats at the door of a rich relation weeping and winking when looking for the crape to be put on the knob. If Sir John is the only man in whom the people of this country have faith, why do not the Reformers breed somebody who will be his rival? The womb of this party can conceive under present circumstances o nothing but Misery, Discontent, Despair, and the Liberals may be sure that none of these will be adopted as heir to power in this country.

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I am in receipt of a many paged letter from M. G. M., which I would be glad to publish were it not for the fact that the personal descriptions n it are so marked that personages would be recognized. I can assure M. G. M. that I sympathize with her and would have been glad of a personal interview, inasmuch as it would have provided me with material for an article which would have been interesting to the public and perhaps helpful to many whose situation is similar to her own. This I must avoid lest I be made the medium of attacks upon people who may be as much injured as offending. However, the insistence of the last letter leads me to offer this much advice: After many years of confidence do not begin a new life by concealment. If you have lived so long and so happily under the same roof, under new conditions you can do the same until the end of your days. Lastly I would suggest to madam that she should not believe everything she hears. The circumstances as related to me neither warrant belief in the accusation, nor suggest the propriety of any remedy excepting the exchange of confidences.

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I would like as many of those who have been holidaying as possible to send me in some little sketch of the way they feel when they try to resume work. To me it has been the most complete revelation of how I hate work and am rendered unable to do it by a return to those nomadic first principles which underlie all our civilization.

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As I told you the other day I have been fishing for nearly a month. With me fishing is something like the equator, an imaginary line which separates one half of my world from the other sphere. I have long since ceased to associate fishing with the idea of catching or having fish, unless by purchase. When a barefooted boy I was steered by my comrades to all the good fishing holes and led in confidence to streams where it was to be a mere matter of baiting my hook and removing the victims therefrom, as in later life, strangely enough the result has been almost invariably the same. The day before fellows had caught dozens, yea, hundreds, but when my line was cast into the waters th e fish went elsewhere or refrained from biting at anything until I went away. Next day reports would reach me of fabulous numbers caught in the place where I sat for hours, and, like the unfortunate apostles, caught nothing. So chronic has this become that I have ceased to expect to catch fish and look forward to a fishing excursion as a thing apart from cruelty to the finny tribe, and, like Alice in Wonderland, I have learned that it is always jam yesterday, and jam to-morrow, but no jam to-day. Instead of this experience tending to keep me from going fishing it has exactly the opposite effect. I have so long frequented all sorts of streams in all sorts of weather, with every variety of tackle, and accompanied by fishermen in every condition of life, morals and methods that I am now intensely interested in finding out whether there is a stream, pond or sea where I can catch fish like other people. As years roll away and the line of my life grows knotted and frayed by being torn about in the rapids and reeled in over the rough rocks, I pursue with increasing avidity the pastime of trying to catch what I have never yet been able to either hook or land. As you know, there is a touch of melancholy in all fruitless pursuits. Yet in fishing the chances always seem good, and when occasionally we get a fish it keeps us hopeful that still other fishy fools may become infatuated with our bait and rush to their death and into the landing net, which heretofore has been ornamental rather than useful.

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Except on those occasional days when I am absolutely overrun with work, it is a dangerous thing for anyone to ask me to go fishing. I am certain to accept and that settles it as far as catching fish is concerned, for none can expect much luck when I am along and fishing none. A legal gentman, who was afterwards known to the camp as Tomsing, invited me to make one of a party of fishermen on the Nepigon. I asked him for a week to think it over and told him the facts with regard to myself so that I should not be accused of having concealed anything. He laughed and said fish were so plenty on the Nepigon that even Jonah couldn't help catching them. I warned him not to be frivolous, as it was a serious matter. I went so far as to tell him that I had been up staying at O. B. Sheppard's summer place on Lake Simcoe, and that there was a fish famine from the time I got there until I came away. We went out on Shep's steam launch and fished all day, and when Mrs. Billy Scanlan caught a fish Gus Pitou got so excited he threw his gaff hook overboard and nothing saved his gold watch and chain but Shep's presence of mind and the fact that he had left it at home,—the watch I mean. By-the-way I had a delightful time up on Lake Simcoe. Pitou and Sheppard have beautiful places and to those who, like myself, love rural surroundings when mixed with Jersey cream and great big strawberries, the pretty little farms and summer houses on Lake Simcoe are a source of delight. In visiting up there one meets, not the everyday people, the meshes of whose life are a part of the warp and woof which we are all weaving, but what we might call the Bohemian world, those who live in the atmosphere of theatrical publicity, who strut their few days on the mimic stage and live a quiet almost secretive life away from public stare. When they are resting I know no one who cares so much to hide their summerings and secrete the naturalness of themselves as theatrical people. Only the rude and vulgar ones, whose every impulse is the basis of an advertisement, like to drift about in the public gaze in summer time. To those who are truly artists and live within their impulses, and because of their impulses are great, when they no longer have the demand which, revoiced, is an encore, the sylvan quiet and the absence of public applause or disapproval is the summer's pleasure. I am more or less a Bohemian myself and at the pretty point and shadowed bay where Gus Pitou and O. B. Sheppard have their summer nouses, felt the influence of a quiet Sunday accentuated, as it were, by the resting of people whose days are filled with the rushing of business, and whose nights are overcast by the glare of calcium light and the strumming of an orchestra. Next week I hope to have some illustrations ready for a regular series of fishing sketches. DOX.

Social and Personal.

Toronto people are coming home, especially those who have been in Muskoka. The express which arrived here on Wednesday evening, was a long and heavily-laden one, while baggage was sadly mixed as to destinations. Hot, crowded trains are always disagreeable, but when a fair proportion of the crowd is children who reluctantly see their holidays drawing to a close, and are tormented with thoughts of school tasks, the crush is a cipher compared to the crossness. People do not travel by these crowded trains from choice, and I have heard many a "Had I known," with varying degrees of sorrowful intonation.

Sir Alexander Campbell returned to town on Tuesday after a trip to England.

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Hon. Oliver Mowat returned on Wednesday from New Hampshire where he has been spending his vacation.

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On Wednesday Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, was in town. Mr. Longley visited the Education Department and University, took five o'clock tea at the Grange, and was honored with a banquet at the Reform Club in the evening.

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Commander Law and family have returned to town.

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Mrs. Agnes Thomson has returned from Prescott.

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Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan was in the city for a few days this week, having completed her journey round the world. She went from here to visit her old home in Brantford.

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Rev. Dr. Stafford and Miss Stafford have returned from their trip over the ocean.

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Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson of Spadina avenue and Miss Walker of John street have returned to town after a lengthened stay at Cape Elizabeth, near Portland, Maine.

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Mr. E. B. Osler and family reached Winnipeg this week in their private car. They go west from there.

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Mammas with young graduates on their hands, says the *Illustrated American*, buds to be presented to society next winter, are devoting this season to coaching their pretty daughters in the very many things they must know and do when the formal introduction is over. It is taken for granted that she—the bud—of course understands the general usages of good form; but no matter how careful her home training has been, with admirable school discipline to second it, there are a hundred and one details every girl should learn before she ventures into the depths and shoals of fashionable life. There are so many stupid pitfalls into which a *debutante* stumbles simply because no one warned her of their existence. After suffering from the neglect of a careless mother, many a matured society woman has looked back and shuddered over her gaucheries and innocent tamperings with fire. There are some girls who are hypersensitive, highly romantic, reserved, and inclined to sarcasm as a potent weapon of defence and to prove their scornful indifference to masculine approval. This class needs the gentlest treatment, and before they know and do when the formal introduction is made a matured society woman has looked back and shuddered over her gaucheries and innocent tamperings with fire. There are some girls who are hypersensitive, highly romantic, reserved, and inclined to sarcasm as a potent weapon of defence and to prove their scornful indifference to masculine approval. This class needs the gentlest treatment, and before they know and do when the formal introduction is made a matured society woman has looked back and shuddered over her gaucheries and innocent tamperings with fire. There are some girls who are hypersensitive, highly romantic, reserved, and inclined to sarcasm as a potent weapon of defence and to prove their scornful indifference to masculine approval. This class needs the gentlest treatment, and before they know and do when the formal introduction is made a matured society woman has looked back and shuddered over her gaucheries and innocent tamperings with fire. There are some girls who are hypersensitive, highly romantic, reserved, and inclined to sarcasm as a potent weapon of defence and to prove their scornful indifference to masculine approval. This class needs the gentlest treatment, and before they know and do when the formal introduction is made a matured society woman has looked back and shuddered over her gaucheries and innocent tamperings with fire. There are some girls who are hypersensitive, highly romantic, reserved, and inclined to sarcasm as a potent weapon of defence and to prove their scornful indifference to masculine approval. This class needs the gentlest treatment, and before they

makes and breaks dancing engagements, not appreciating the seriousness of so doing, and instead of passing the ordeal with credit, has numberless little *contretemps* of over cordiality or too great stiffness of manner to sting her memory unpleasantly in connection with the affair. This could all be avoided by a clever, careful chaperon, one who, engrafting her superior wisdom on her daughter's fresh nature, succeeds in effecting a very charming combination. Indeed, when the secret of graceful ballship is closely studied, the source of the girl's popularity is frequently discovered in the precepts and example she had enjoyed through a discreet and amiable mother.

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Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Riley and Mrs. John Britton of Newport, Miss Edith Deal, Miss Maud Paris, Mrs. John Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. Lynch of Cincinnati are a pleasant party that have been at the Queen's this week, thus making a complete tour of Canada.

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Miss Riddall, daughter of Dr. Riddall, and Miss Eva Mingay of Parkdale are rusticating with their friends at Niagara Falls and enjoying a good time.

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Mrs. J. Webster and family of Augusta avenue are spending the summer months at Puslinch Lake. They are accompanied by Mrs. T. Webster.

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Miss Kingsmill of Yorkville avenue has returned to Toronto after nearly two years at the Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, London.

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Miss Aggie Nairn of Jarvis street returned this week from Sarnia, where she was the guest of Mrs. Charles Mackenzie.

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Mr. John Crerar of Hamilton was in town this week. He attended the banquet given to Hon. J. W. Longley.

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Mr. L. G. McCarthy of Barrie paid a short visit to Toronto this week.

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Rev. George Chandler of Hamilton and his bride, formerly Miss Freeman of South Bend, Indiana, have been spending their honeymoon in the city.

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Mr. Paul Peel, the well-known Canadian artist, was in town this week.

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Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Torrington returned to town this week from Peak's Island, off Portland.

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Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bain, Master Bain, and Mr. and Mrs. James Bain of this city were among the arrivals at the Sussex House, Badenoch, Scotland.

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Summer engagements are not generally supposed to be lasting ones. Even as the summer "fun" of the flirtatious maid, they rust like the ferns at the touch of autumn. This is only the rule, and I hear that some of the exceptions are Toronto people, who will cause a ringing of bridal bells to announce the finale of this summer's merry doings.

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It will be interesting for their friends to note whether people returning from England have become afflicted with the new style of hand shaking which obtains in some circles over there. I have noted several instances of it already. Of this new-fangled way of shaking hands and its origin, the London *Spectator* says: "If there is a custom which is supposed to be essentially British, it is that of shaking hands. Where the Frenchman or the German would content himself with a comprehensive bow that includes a whole company of people in one courteous sweep, the Englishman—especially if he is country-bred—will patiently and perseveringly shake hands with every one who is present. Perhaps it is owing to a feeling that an unnecessary use of the practice is provincial that we may trace a visible decline in it at the present day. But it is difficult to say to what cause is attributable the present extraordinary form which it takes among certain people, whose ambition it is to be known as 'smart.' When two members of this class, of not far more numerous class that imitates them, meet each other, the lady lifts her elbow as high as a tight sleeve will permit her, and dangles a little hand before her face, carefully keeping the wrist as stiff and as high as possible, while she allows the fingers to droop down. The man contrives to lift his elbow a little higher, and by a dexterous turn of the wrist, touches her fingers—that is all. That is the whole ceremony: it sounds a little awkward, it looks very awkward, and it is difficult enough to require a good deal of practice before it can be performed at all. It is said that ladies who are bidden to court, and whose privilege it is to exchange greetings with royal personages, find it difficult to combine a courtesy with a shake of a gracious hand without raising their own hands to the level of their faces. Hence, their too frequent communications with illustrious people have corrupted their good manners; they acquire a habit, and are so forgetful as to introduce it into their ordinary life and their relation with more ordinary people."

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Our theatre going maidens will be gladdened this season by plenty of light between the acts. Hitherto the dainty toilettes were scarcely distinguishable in the half light, jewels glimmered only fitfully, and faint shades and delicately-tinted flowers were a confused mass of light and shadow. That time has gone. The searching electric light will spy out pretty faces and "fetching" gowns, and if the jewelled gloves obtain, fans will be in constant requisition when the light is on.

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On Wednesday evening the members of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association gathered with their friends at the club house of the Royal Canadian Yachtsmen. The evening was glorious with moonlight, and while the dancing was well kept up, there were many who preferred to loiter on the balconies or stray about the walks. The order of the evening was first the excellent concert programme, then the presentation of prizes, and lastly the well-arranged dance numbers. The manner of dress was an amusing surprise, for while the majority leant towards yachting costumes with all the finished neatness of detail, there were also some who were lax to a most comfortable degree, and with many of the ladies present a half-evening toilette was the choice.

The Canadian Shorthand Society's annual convention began last evening in their rooms in the Y. M. C. A. buildings and will be continued this afternoon and evening in the auditorium of the Education Department. In the afternoon various interesting papers will be read and in the evening addresses will be delivered by some of Toronto's pioneer phonographers and business men. There will also be an exhibition of typewriting by expert operators.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

Rev. E. C. Hallam, M.A., who for nearly twenty-seven years has labored as a missionary in India, gave a very interesting lecture at the Chautauqua last Wednesday evening, on The Hindoos at Home. Arranged conspicuously on a table beside him were a number of models illustrating the various dresses, ornaments, etc., of the people among whom he has spent so many years of his life, but unfortunately the majority of the people present were so far from the platform that it was more by the exercise of imagination than sight that they viewed the miniature figures which no doubt very faithfully represented the subjects with which the lecturer dealt. A pleasant hour was spent, however, and those present carried away with them not only a vast number of most interesting and profitable facts from one who was a thorough master of his subject, but they gleaned also an immense amount of amusement, for Mr. Hallam did not confine himself solely to information presented, as so many lecturers give it, in a dry, solid, uninteresting way. Combined with the more instructive parts were so many amusing anecdotes and illustrations, and so much natural wit that everyone pronounced the evening a most delightful one. Among those present were some of society's fairest, and as has frequently been the case this season, one or two who with their incessant undercurrent of conversation and untimely mirth—in no way connected with or directed towards the lecturer—have proved rather an annoyance to those more orderly individuals who happened to be in the vicinity of the thoughtless, but otherwise decidedly interesting group.

A very jolly driving party passed through the town Friday evening last. The silent old streets echoed back gay peals of laughter and a confused babel of merry chatter as the high rig, containing about fifteen or twenty youths and maidens, passed along. About nine o'clock it stopped before Doyle's Hotel, while Mr. Arthur Small alighted amid a hearty chorus of "Good nights," uttered in every variety of tone, from the deep bass of the young Englishman who held the lines, to the musical treble of the fair young blonde who sat beside him. Those continuing the way to their various destinations were Mr. G. Heward, Miss Heward, Miss Ross, Miss V. Gimson, Miss E. Heward, Mr. Arthur Howe, Mr. Dutreux, Mr. Ferrers Knyvett, Mr. Paul Knyvett and a number of others.

Miss Charlotte Allen (who, by the way, was married about a year ago, but who, like many another brilliant star, is known in the theatrical world under her maiden name) gave a delightful entertainment in the ball-room of the Queen's Royal last Friday evening. The story written by the young actress herself was an amusing descriptive sketch of a tour through Switzerland. Miss Allen personated in a wonderfully skilful and charming manner the various characters introduced, including a supposed aunt, a gay young count who falls in love with the aunt, and a number of others—travelers, peasants and tourists—all of whom Miss Allen represented in turn, and in a way which charmed her audience and won her most enthusiastic applause. A boy was announced for the latter part of the evening, but as very few remained, or arrived for the dance, it was not by any means a success, not more than fifteen or twenty young people taking advantage of the music which Corlett's band furnished. Among those who did remain were the Misses Strathy, Miss M. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Strathy, Mrs. and Miss Clara Kallally, the Misses Dickson, Miss Allen and a few others.

The ice cream festival under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of St. Andrew's Church, which was to have taken place last Thursday evening at the Queen's Royal Pavilion, was held in the ball room at the Music Hall instead, owing to the heavy rain which fell during the day and which left the grounds surrounding the Pavilion in anything but a pleasant condition for those who would have been obliged to cross it in order to reach the building. However, the ball-room, owing to the efforts of a band of very willing workers, soon presented as attractive an appearance as it was possible to give it under so short a notice. Chinese lanterns hung from every available point, while, in addition to the long table literally burdened with a variety of tempting dainties, were numerous little stands upon which were displayed a variety of useful and fancy articles. At another table a very sweet-faced waitress successfully offered most delicious home-made candies, and before the gaze of admiring purchasers concocted the most tempting and delicious ice cream, which the heated room made very refreshing. A few of those whom I noticed present were Mrs. McGaw and Miss Dick of the Queen's, Mr. and Mrs. Flint Carrie, Mrs. Blake, Miss Ada Blake, Mr. Leslie Nelles, Mrs. and Miss Herchmer, Mr. Herbert Blake, Mrs. Paffard, Miss A. Paffard, Mrs. W. McMurray, Miss M. Gale, Miss Baxter, Mrs. Kallally, Miss C. Kallally, Miss Florence Dickson, Miss B. Dickson, Mr. W. Syers, the Misses Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hall, Miss K. Ball, Rev. W. Bell, Rev. Mr. Smith of St. Andrew's, Miss A. Evans, Mr. Frank Smith and Miss Annie Blake.

Last Saturday's hop at the Queen's, as usual, was a very pleasant one, the evening being so cool that until quite late the windows and even the doors leading on to the verandah, through which ordinarily so many flushed faces pass for a breath of cool air between the dances, remained closed. The floor was scarcely in its usual perfect condition, but the music was exceptionally good, and as fast dances were substituted for the lancers more than once during the evening the young people were in the best of spirits. Very few from Toronto were present, but an unusually large number from Buffalo and Niagara, the latter place being represented by almost an army of gay young officers and their friends who monopolized each other to such an extent that many who without them could obtain neither introductions nor dances from the fair members of their party. One slight, fair young girl, presumably one to be expected to, who wore a pale green dress made Kate Greenaway style, was very much admired; while a little, very sweet-faced dot of not more than seven or eight summers, who with the grace and dignity of an acknowledged belle entered the room with her tiny hand just touching the arm of a young officer, won everybody's heart with her quaint, childish grace, and the demure way she accepted the attentions of the gay young fellows who evidently belonged to the

(Continued on page Eleven.)

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"This train don't stop there."

"Then I'll tell yez what we'll do: I'll get disorderly just beyant Shpyten Duyvil and yez can kick me arf at Yonkers."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Except

Friend—And do you still hunger for fame and renown to the exclusion of everything else?

Poet—Yes—that is—well, except a ham sandwich now and then.

Boudoir Gossip.

"Oh, here you are, Uncle. We were so sorry we were out. Why couldn't you stay? Mother said you called, and we rushed down to see you for a minute anyway." These words, hopelessly entangled as to speaker, were hurled at a good-natured uncle on board a steamer about to leave the dock. He was a man of middle age, sleek appearance and gentlemanly address. He had moreover a pair of eyes which were accustomed to see the funny things of life, and two queer little tracks where the merriment slid down his face to make a smile. The girls worshipped him, evidently, for they kissed him with great gusto, and proceeded to talk with no regard for time and little space for answers. The conversation, consisting of numberless queries and quickly interpolated replies seasoned with teasing emphasis, ran in about this manner:

"Why couldn't you stay?"

"Your aunt expects me back.'

"Well, you don't always keep your promises, and say, uncle, can't we come up next week?"

"I don't know—you'll have to ask your aunt."

"Can't you tell us?"

"No"—very gravely, to which was added with startling accentuation, "There—we're going—hurry off."

"We don't care—we'd just as lief go on with you."

"I'd send you home by train," was the threatening answer, at which the girls moved towards the stairway, lingering to say, "Come and see us off."

"Oh no—couldn't do it. I'd lose my seat. Stole it as it was. Hurry off now."

With a parting kiss, which was accepted under protest by the blushing uncle, the nieces departed, flinging back the assertion that he was "real mean not to stay."

The teasing relative leaned towards the little black mustached man and began to talk to him.

The listener was evidently in agony. The long suppressed laugh was aching for egress, and the uncle's amused smile did not warrant an uproarious burst of merriment. He fidgetted and we felt for him.

"Mighty fine girls," said the happy-faced man, "clever and bright, and great favorites of mine. I tease them about their aunt. She's young, too, and I tell 'em she's jealous of them."

Here a chuckle escaped from the man with the mustached lip, and he felt some better.

"Yes," continued the proud uncle, "that's what I call 'em off with—fact, too. My wife said she had some nice nieces and I told her to bring them up. They are fine, but they can't touch these girls. Canadians aren't to be beaten."

The whole affair was very funny. The way in which the loquacious man with the young wife and the devoted nieces teased his dashing relatives, and the all-around ease of manner during operations amused the onlookers and attracted the attention of those who were not looking on and did not happen to be deaf.

Christine Terhune Herrick approaches a contested point in the following paragraph, which is the finale of a recent article on dinnerology: "A word concerning the dinner toilette may not be amiss. In England, donning full dress for a late dinner is a matter of course. Not so in America. Our independent citizen usually thinks he honors the home meal quite enough if he washes the dust of the day from his hands and face, and brushes his hair and his coat. Yet there are few homes in which the mistress does not change her gown for dinner, or at least brighten or freshen her attire so as to make it differ decidedly from that in which she appeared at breakfast. The question involuntarily suggests itself why it is easier for a tired woman to dress than it is for a tired man, and one wonders if the husband would not find in a change of toilette the refreshment his wife experiences from a similar operation. Even without putting on full dress a man should, at least by exchanging his office for a house coat, and assuming fresh collar, cuffs, and cravat, do his share in giving to the dinner table the look of a pleasant social gathering, instead of a mere stopping-place for food." Men have grumbled at the lack of care in dress after marriage and bemoaned the disillusionment which came with ricketty wrappers and slouchy slippers. They don't often speak of the demoralizing influence of ink-spattered cuffs and melted collars, not to mention tousled heads which make one think of the funny little much-criticized phrase, "Slubs of wool," which Amelie Rives patented a couple of years ago.

An English writer has risen to wrathy declamation. He sees the wrong and he pokes at it. This time it is women and yachts in company. He says: "Why do women pretend to be so fond of yachting!" (Mark that pretend, my friends.) "They do not really enjoy themselves unless the sea is as smooth as a millpond, and in most cases the slightest ripple sends them off below to the tender mercies of the stewardess."

He goes on to speak of the sacrifice of beauty, and the belittling effect of the regulation costumes.

I wonder why women do like yachting. I suspect it is because they are human beings, and enjoy the tossing motion, even as mighty men do, and I believe that having souls they also can appreciate the beauty of cloud-shadowed water, shifting sails, and mottled skies. If more women went yachting and cut themselves loose from the gossipping littleness of four-walled lives, they would gain and retain a beauty of mind and heart, and a strength of body, which would more than compensate for their sun kissed epidermis.

"Where's his wife, I wonder. Nice man to come off on a trip and leave her home."

That is diving into personalities, and the conclusion is so far from the introduction that a jump is necessary. However, we have all heard that sentiment, though couched, it may be, in slightly different words.

Now I fail to see why a man who goes away for a trip and leaves his Joan to worry over him, is any more thoughtless than the woman who packs her trunk and goes "to see mother." She leaves her husband in a gloomy house where the parlor is inhabited by a ghostly crowd of chairs done up in linen covers. She sends the silver over to Mrs. Neighborly whose husband keeps a revolver and a watch-dog, packs away everything pretty, for "men are so careless" with fancy work and bric-a-brac. She locks and fastens, sweeps every shred of comfortable life into unseen corners and goes away. The husband is to look after the house, dine at a restaurant and write nice bright letters to cheer his lonely little wife.

Maybe he does, but it's "agin human natur'." He's bound to be miserable and she ought to be scolded.

The practice of perfuming one's dainty belongings with a faint and delightful odor, is a commendable one. The rage has gotten beyond its first simplicity though, and we read of a woman who injected a perfume hypodermically. She thought of it because, being a victim to opium, she was annoyed by the odor of the drug which clung to her very flesh. The secret was loosened. It spread with exceeding swiftness, and Parisian beauty and fashion perfumed itself in the new way, revelling in the delightful novelty, and paying in due time their debt to Mother Nature. They became mysteriously ill. The physicians, once enlightened, became enraged and are now threatening to have the unnatural and dangerous process punishable by law.

Stagnation of thought means intellectual ruin. We must toss about or our minds become encrusted with wrong theories, which weaken our philosophy and deaden our perceptibility. Suffering helps wonderfully.

A cliff that is fresh-washed by each high wave is an imposing piece of granite, awful in its sternness but great in its strength. There is no chance of a destroyed outline. There is nothing that can mar its beauty of color. Its delicately marked surface is laid bare and kept bright by the ceaseless tide which surges about it. Hearts need purifying too, and the high seas of life often take away defacing driftwood and we see the unyielding rock when we had perhaps forgotten its existence.

CLIP CAREW.

The End of The World.

I stood on a high cliff. Twenty feet before me a perpendicular wall of rock went down, down, a veritable "jumping-off place," till it seemed one would have to look twice to see the bottom, where the waters of the harbor splashed against the boulders.

To-day the bay was smooth as polished glass, save where the vessels coming in from the sea, through the strait opposite the point where I stood, left a ripple and a line of foam behind, like a flaw in the crystal.

The great city lay to the left of the strait. The burning midsummer sun, shining from a cloudless sky, was reflected by a hundred thousand chimneys and roof-tops; and the images of the high buildings and the myriad vessels anchored in the harbor made the scene more like a mirage than reality.

So far above the city was my point of observation that not a sound, not even a murmur of the bustle and noise attendant upon its activity reached my ears, though through the clear atmosphere I could distinguish moving objects, as in a camera obscura.

From the bay, too, although many vessels—huge ocean steamers, ferry-boats, and yachts—were moving about, I heard only one sound: the interminable "puf-puf-puf" of a little tug-boat which rapidly threaded its aimless way among the other craft. So monotonous, indeed, did this sound become that I turned my eyes from the water and looked around at nearer objects.

To my right was a grove of maples. In a clear space in the midst of the trees stood a white building, its gable toward me, which reminded me at first glance of nothing else so much as of the Parthenon as it used to be represented in the classical dictionary. I had not noticed this building before, and as I stood and wondered, a troop of gayly-dressed young people came rushing out of the door and arranged themselves in groups on the mossy circles surrounding the trees.

At this moment my companion, who had lagged behind me, came up, and together we went toward the gay throng. Our approach seemed unnoticed.

Scarcely had we joined the group, when, raising my eyes, I saw to the right and left dark thunder-clouds rolling rapidly towards the zenith. Broad flashes of lightning played about the horizon, while in sharper, zigzag streaks, the electric spark cut its path through the azure directly above our heads. From the right, low mutterings of distant thunder were heard, and a chilling wind rising suddenly moaned among the pines in the distance, and rustled the leaves of the linden under which we sat. I glanced toward the building, and on the steps of the door which looked out upon the city there stood an old man, wrinkled and bent. A faded dressing-gown was corded about his waist, his feet were encased in embroidered slippers, and his right hand, which bore a long oaken staff, gnarled and twisted, trembled as the fierce blast struck him and tossed his thin gray locks. In a shrill voice he cried: "Come in! Come in! We are going to have a terrible storm."

Even as he spoke, and as if in corroboration of his words, the force of the wind increased almost to a gale, and large drops of rain began to fall, slowly and gently at first, but with increasing vigor till the patter of the leaves was lost in one long drawn sound, almost a roar, as the wind drove the water through the trees.

Meanwhile the rest of the party had sought shelter in the building, but as I started to follow them my eyes rested on a sight which compelled me, involuntarily, to pause. Ahead of me, beyond the bay, beyond the city, beyond even the waters of the ocean itself, a wall, or shutter, of more than inky blackness rose perpendicularly from the horizon. Up to the very heavens it seemed to stretch, and to the sides as far as the eye could reach. A sudden, indefinable fear came over me, and held me rooted to the earth. My horror increased as I saw that this horrible veil was moving toward me, how rapidly I could not guess; but it seemed to cover the thousand miles between the horizon and the strait in barely an hour of time. As it drew nearer to me I saw that it had also another motion, like that of a band saw or an endless chain, as if a huge jack-knife of terrible blackness had been swung over two rollers on the nethermost bounds of the universe, and, rapidly revolving, was eating its way deep into the very bowels of the earth; for as this horrible engine of destruction approached I perceived that it was cutting away the sea and the solid land, leaving a smooth, clean-cut edge where these before had been. "It will stop," thought I, "before it reaches the city."

But no; the dreadful Thing, like an insatiate monster, never paused or swerved for an instant, and a chill shock coursed through my veins as I watched first the points of land on either side of the strait, then the farthermost houses of the city, and then nearer objects fade into absolute nothingness.

The huge machine kept steadily pressing forward.

As street after street of the city melted away, the Thing approached nearer and nearer the waters of the harbor. Tall spires fell, and mighty buildings were swallowed up, but, until touched by the Thing itself, the remainder of the city was as firm and unchanged as ever. The cries of the dying at intervals reached my ears, but so far distant was I that the noise sounded more like the squeak of a dying mouse than as if it came from the throats of a multitude of human beings.

Now the bay began to melt away. Ship after ship, a moment ago riding peacefully at anchor, was swallowed up, and left not even a ripple, for the water and the bottom of the sea were likewise annihilated.

Now, above the ever-increasing roar of the vast black body, I heard again the "puf-puf-puf" of the little steam tug, and as I looked I saw it coming at full speed directly toward the precipice on which I stood. In an instant the Thing had overtaken it, and as it disappeared, with one last hopeless scream from its whistle, like the despairing wail of a lost soul, it flashed over me what this awful catastrophe that I had been witnessing was. It was the end of the world!

By a mighty effort I threw myself forward, clutching as I fell at a tuft of bunch grass. Barely had I time to gasp out "God, help me!" when the awful Thing, cutting through the cliff, as if it were paper, was upon me. The earth beneath me gave way, and I plunged headlong down, down into the blackest of darkness, and then all was silent and blank for a space.

* * * *

A drop of rain on my face aroused me. I lay in the soft grass in the middle of a level meadow that extended on all sides as far as I could see. The setting sun was firing the western skies, and a few small rain-clouds scudded before the breeze. Hither she came and found me, and together we returned home.

—*Washington Post.*

A Substitute.

"Julius," said the Colonel, with a benevolent smile, "you probably know that I have a hundred acres of watermelons?"

"I—I—has yo' dun got dat much, sah?"

"Why, you live out there, Julius, and know all about it."

"'Deed I libs out dar, but I'se bin so werry busy I hain't had time to inquar' around. What about dem watermillyons, Kurnel?"

"Julius, suppose I should drug some of those melons?"

"Yes, sah."

"Put in something which would make the thief awfully sick?"

"I follers yo', sah."

"Do you think you could tell one of the drugged melons by feeling of it in the night?"

"Me! Me! What would I be doin' in yo' millyon patch at night, sah?"

"But suppose you went there?"

"Arter millyons?"

"Yes."

"Gwine ter steal 'em?"

"Yes."

"Wall, Kurnel Johnson, 'taint no use to argify dat p'int, kase I wouldn't go."

"Why not?"

"Kase I'd send one of de boys, yo' know!"

She Saw Too Much.

She (after marriage)—You told me that I was your first love, but I have found a whole trunk full of letters from all sorts of girls, just bursting with tenderness.

He—I—I said you were the first I ever loved. I didn't say you were the only one who ever loved me. See?"

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FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

WHEN THE BREACH WAS WIDEST.

Chandos Ermsleigh was driving a magnificent pair of horses, which he managed with perfect skill. He was a decidedly handsome man, and his young wife, who was seated beside him, was very beautiful; but on this day, as they drove along Regent street, they both looked rather *blase*. Lady Gladys Ermsleigh was evidently much younger than her husband, and the expression of boredom was not so natural to her as it was to him.

Although only about thirty-five, he was tired of everything except music, and that was still a passion with him. He had indulged freely in every pleasure that money could purchase before he had passed his twenty-first year. As a child he had traveled all over the continent, going everywhere with persons older than himself when he ought to have been playing with children. Rich and handsome, he attracted people by no conscious effort of his own—perhaps by his very pride and indifference. From boyhood to manhood he had always found himself admired and flattered. When he condescended to turn his thoughts to a wife, he married Lady Gladys Trefusis, whose father was an impoverished nobleman, and who, rumor said, had accepted Mr. Ermsleigh for his wealth, although his social connections were equal to hers.

Chandos Ermsleigh did not love his wife; nor did she love him. She was a beautiful creature, daring, proud, defiant, and passionate. Still she was capable of a great and an earnest love; but she was repelled by her husband's indifference, and he, being weary of everything, would not trouble himself to win his wife's affection. It was of no use troubling about it, he argued with himself; she cared only for society, fashion, and homage, and he thought they could get on very well as they were. Nevertheless there were moments when Chandos Ermsleigh yearned for some nobler, higher existence than that which he was living.

Passers-by were looking at the stylish carriage and its occupants as the high-stepping horses trotted up Regent street. Chandos Ermsleigh was perfectly aware of this; and, although he was indifferent to the gaze of himself was concerned, he was pleased in a certain way that his wife was in keeping with himself and his equipage.

Presently the carriage drew up at a glove shop, and Lady Gladys stepped out to make a purchase. In a few minutes she returned.

"Well, you have not been long, Gladys," he said; "you ladies are generally an hour choosing your gloves."

She was just about to put her foot upon the step of the carriage, when, glancing along the street, she suddenly flushed and then grew pale, and her eyes gleamed with a look of eager anxiety—but only for a moment. She turned to her husband with her usual calm expression and took her seat by his side, almost fearing that he had not noticed her agitation; but he had, and wondered what had occurred to move her so. He made no remark, however, but signalled to the groom to let go the horses' heads, and again the handsomely-appointed equipage swept along.

Chandos Ermsleigh glanced at the group of faces that were watching them, but he saw nothing to account for his wife's sudden anxiety and change of color.

"What was the matter just now?" he inquired presently, in his usual tone, as though putting the question merely for the sake of making conversation.

The inquiry was evidently an unpleasant one to Lady Gladys; for she started nervously, then looked up into his face and replied:

"I thought I saw a horse stumble," she replied; "it frightened me for a moment. Let us go home."

He did not quite believe her, but said nothing; she was not nervous, as a rule, and he never remembered her being frightened before by the stumbling of a horse.

After this they both relapsed into silence; and directly they reached home Gladys retired to her dressing room. She felt she must be alone; for she had seen the man who had been the companion of her childhood—who had been used to call her his little wife. Her heart was yearning towards him as she sat alone, and thought concerning him which she might not have revealed to her husband. She felt lonely because she was unloved. She did love Chandos, and he did not love her; but this boy whom she had just seen did love her, though she had learned long since to smile at the "little wife" nonsense. She was woman, and plainly the disparity between her own position and that of Rupert Landon, the Vicar's son. So he was in London! He had always said he should come.

He was poor, and would not be in her world, she told herself; and the thought filled her with a strange feeling of mingled anxiety and grief. She fancied that he did not look quite so bright as he used, and that his attire was shabby; but his blue eyes had met hers, and she knew that the old love was not dead in her though she was Chandos Ermsleigh's wife.

A few days afterwards Lady Gladys stood alone in her dressing-room, reading a note requesting her to come that evening to the boy-lover of her girlhood. He begged her to forgive his boldness; he knew she was married, but that she had chosen the world instead of his love and worship—but he could not live without seeing her.

"My poor boy!" she murmured, pressing the letter to her lips. "My poor unhappy boy! He is perhaps struggling with poverty, ill, fighting a grim world!"

She resolved to go to him, refusing to heed the promptings of her conscience, which told her that she was acting dishonorably.

She might have told Chandos; but she feared him, although he always appeared so defiant, and she thought he would be sure to misjudge her.

"He does not care," she said to herself passionately; "so long as I keep his name unsullied before the world, he is indifferent as to where I bestow my affections."

It happened that they had received an invitation from Lady Mentath for that evening, and hear her ladyship's brother read his new poem. Chandos having declared that he would not go, as such things always bored him, it had been arranged that Lady Gladys was to go alone. She stayed at Lady Mentath's until six o'clock, and then left ostensibly to make her way home.

She had put on a long cloak and a large hat and veil, and, as Lady Mentath lived but a few doors from the Ermsleighs, had walked to her friend; so that now she had but to call a cab and tell the man to drive her to the street mentioned in Rupert Landon's letter.

The cabman put her down at the door of a gloomy looking house in a very narrow street; and, in answer to her summons, a slatternly servant girl appeared and told her that Mr. Landon lived there and occupied the first floor. stared at the tall, aristocratic-looking lady rather suspiciously, and, pointing up the stairs, said shortly: "Third floor front," then retreated down the dark passage.

Gladys shivered as she mounted the stairs—she shrank from the uncongenial surroundings; but she succeeded at length in discovering the door of the "third-floor front," and knocked at it softly. There was no answer, however; and, after a short hesitation, she gently opened the door and entered. As she did so, her hands clasped nervously, her heart beating wildly, she saw the figure of a man half crouching over the red embers of a smouldering fire. He was sitting in a low chair, at the back of which was placed a pillow; but he was bending forward, his elbows resting on his knees and his face hidden in his hands. A flickering candle shed an uncertain light over the dingy apartment, showing a table covered with writing materials, loose sheets of paper, and a few books. It was a comfortless room, and the sight of it made her heart ache for the drooping figure by the fire.

"Rupert!" she half whispered.

The man sprang to his feet excitedly, then staggered and grasped the back of his chair for support.

"Gladys—Gladys!" he cried; and, as she flung back her veil and stepped forward to his side, his head dropped upon her shoulder. "Gladys—my Gladys!" he whispered hoarsely.

She shrank back as he uttered these words, but he still clung to her.

"Rupert," she said—"Rupert, remember!"

"I forgot," he returned bitterly, stepping back a pace—"you are not my Gladys now. You have sold yourself for money, diamonds, horses!"

"Oh, Rupert, hush—hush!" cried the girl wildly. "I have only done what other girls do. Why do you speak so bitterly? You at least should be kind to me!"

"Kind? Is he not kind, then, that handsome languid man who is your husband?" inquired Rupert Landon fiercely.

"Yes—yes—he is kind," answered Gladys, "and good; I have everything I desire."

"But love," added Rupert, "You cannot deceive me, Gladys. You are not happy; there is no love in that splendid house of yours. You are proud, and fancy yourself indifferent; but you are not."

"I am," she declared, with flushed cheeks. "I never asked for his love; he told me he had none to give. I shall soon be used to it."

"Does he know you are here, Gladys?"

"No," she answered, her lips quivering and her eyelids drooping.

"I know," he remarked, "I had no right to ask you to come to see an old lover when you are married; but I could not die without seeing you and telling you of all the mad hopes I once had."

The unhappy girl pressed her hands upon her eyes.

"You could not die," she echoed mechanically—"you could not die!"

"I shall be dead to you, Gladys!" said Rupert.

"And, when I am gone, there will not be one soul in this wide world for your heart to cling to; for, Gladys, I know your heart does cling to me, though it be at least of our love, though that love is hopeless."

"Hopeless and wrong," returned Gladys, in a firm tho[illegible] sweet tone. "Rupert, I did come to you because you were once"—she paused, then went on hurriedly—"because you asked me to come. I thought you might be poor or ill, and I could perhaps help you; but you must not think that I can be or wish to be anything but a friend, a loving sister—"

"Who will not treat the world to her husband of her visit to her loving brother," interrupted the young man bitterly. "Ah, Gladys, is the old memory quite dead?"

"Not dead," she replied steadily, "but changed. Rupert, listen, and let my words sink into your ears. If Chandos Ermsleigh had never crossed my path, I could not have been your wife; I could never have endured isolation, poverty, sorrow, for your sake. Perhaps my words sound harsh to you, but they are true."

He turned away with a bitter groan that pierced her heart. He loved her now more than ever before; but he saw how hopeless his passion was.

She laid her hand upon his arm; her heart was full of pity and tenderness for him, for he had recalled to her mind a hundred memories of her happy childhood, when they had shared their little joys and sorrows together. In spite of herself, she valued his love, for it was the one oasis in the dream of her life. Her husband could not be allowed a week to pass without bringing her some costly present; but he gave it into her hands with a few languid words; and he never caressed her—never looked at her with tender eyes. He lived his life, she lived hers.

"Rupert," she said softly, "let us try to forget the past. I want to help you; I want—oh!"—with difficulty repressing a passionate cry—"I want to think that there is one in the world who cares for me as he may care for Gladys Trefusis!" I am so lonely, Rupert!" She broke down, weeping such tears as had not fallen from her eyes since her marriage, while hating and despising herself for laying bare her wounded heart.

"Poor Gladys!" he said tenderly, touching her bowed head. "In spite of all your wealth and luxury you are lonely."

He stopped suddenly and sat down in his chair, laying his head back against the pillow. His face was handsome, but lined and worn, although he was but twenty-four years of age.

Lady Gladys was at his side directly, self-controlled at once, the woman of the world again, to whom tears were a weakness

"Rupert," she said, bending over him, "you are ill? What is it? What can I do?"

A few minutes went by before he could answer her; then he murmured heavily—

"Nothing, Gladys—it will pass. I suppose I am nearing the Shadowland."

"No, no—you must not say that—you must not talk of death!" she cried. "You must live, Rupert. Tell me what is the matter with you."

"I fear I am breaking up," he said gently. "I've worn myself out—that's it, Gladys."

"Tell me what has happened, Rupert," she pleaded.

"I came to London," he answered, turning his head so that she might not see his face, "when you went abroad. I thought I could do something with my pen; but all my efforts failed. I had but little money, and—— Oh, Gladys"—covering his face with his hands—"why will you make me lower myself in your eyes? Well, I played deeply, gambled, and lost what little I had. Borrowed. There will be some money coming to me at my uncle's death—afterwards mixing among rather a fast set. Such I heard of your marriage, Gladys—and I think I almost went mad for the time. I plunged into dissipation; and here I am, loaded with debt, hunted by creditors, a broken-down worthless fellow who hasn't many months, thank Heaven, to live!"

Silence followed Rupert Landon's confession, broken only by the exclamations of pity of Lady Gladys. She was weeping for this premature old man, whose courage and honor had fallen from him like a garment in an adverse wind. He loved her still—that was the one bright spot in the desert of his life. Then she thought of Chandos, with all his indifference, and he knew not what ailed her. Then he was severely he might have been tried, he would never have sunk so low.

"Don't weep so for me, Gladys," said Rupert huskily, laying his hand upon her head—"I am not worth it now."

"Hush," she cried—"in pity, hush! It is not too late to retrieve the past—to live a new life. I will help you—I will do anything for you! Listen, Rupert!" She knelt down by his side, and her tears were dried. "You shall leave this wretched place and recover your health and strength in some purer air; perhaps you shall lay down all burdens; your world shall be made known."

"And who is to do all this for me, Gladys?" he asked, with a cynical smile.

"I will," she answered boldly—"for the sake of the Rupert of long ago, that he may live to realize the promise of his boyhood. You remember, Rupert, how we used to make plans for your future—how you were to be famous and—"

"Don't, Gladys," cried the young man imploringly—"don't make me think of those days—for then in all my dreams you were beside me—your face, your voice, your words all urged me on to lead a noble life! It is too late to think of that now."

His voice sank to a whisper; and once again he became so deathly white and cold that Lady Gladys wondered whether it really was too late. However, if she could make the last few months of his wretched life more easy for him to bear, she would do it. She would put away all thoughts of Chandos; for, if she mentioned the subject to him, although she was pure in heart, he would not believe her.

Presently Rupert rallied and spoke again.

"I am not fallen so low," he said, "as to take your husband's money."

"It will not be his," she interrupted, quickly. "He gives me an allowance to do as I like with—he never asks what I do with it; and, besides, I have my settlement."

"But it is all his—it comes from him," said Rupert. "No, Gladys, I cannot—do not tempt me!"

"You must obey me," she said firmly. "You will not refuse me this one pleasure?"

He turned away his face, for there were bitter tears of pride in his eyes at the thought of her loading him with benefits—her, whom he had once hoped to endow with wealth and love. It was a terrible humiliation, he told himself; and yet it was Gladys who gave—Gladys, who would perhaps give up all for him.

"Oh, Gladys," he moaned, "you have almost broken my heart! Do as you will; I always followed your advice."

(To be Continued.)

Is the Earth a Snowball?

Water-vapor suddenly frozen in the air falls to the earth in a shower of crystals. During an ordinary snow-storm the aggregate weight of these delicate hexagonal crystals must be measured by the thousand tons. Each separate snow-flake is as truly a mineral as a crystal of gypsum or garnet.

Snow is in layers, which soon become hardened and compacted into ice, forming a true stratified rock—so recognized and classified by geologists. Thus, in the Alps, there may have a shower of minerals, transformed in twenty-four hours into extensive strata of rock wholly unlike, both in structure and appearance, the feathery flakes of which they are composed. Suppose a man who has never seen snow should look at a glacier. He would see nothing resembling fleecy masses of the white rock, and could hardly conjecture that it had once floated in flocks of fleecy softness or slid in showers of splinter-pointed needles from the sky.

In the coldest portions of the Arctic zone ice is the normal form of water. To their native inhabitants water appears as molted ice, while to us ice appears as a modification of water.

A very slight fall of temperature would suffice to make us regard ice from the standpoint of a firm foothold, a sweet drinking-water, and in the year of our coldest winter weather would soon reproduce around us nearly all the features of a continent, such as characterize Greenland. Our ice-imprisoned lakes would not be released by returning spring, brooks and rivers would lie motionless and still, and a mantle of snow would cover the crests of our mountains and spread gradually downward until the valleys would all be white. If geology is right, this has happened at least once already, and, if astronomy is not in error, it may occur again. If we could contrive to live under the changed conditions, we should soon come to regard ice in the same way that we now regard other sorts of rock—quartz and calcite, for example—which are just as truly frozen from liquids, although they freeze at a higher temperature.

Nearly all substances, if not all, exist, like water, in three states, solid or frozen, liquid or melted, and gaseous or vapory. By far the greater part are commonly known to us only in their frozen state. Some we have never been able to melt, while others, as lead, iron, and sulphur, are so easily reduced that for practical purposes we are constantly melting them and causing them to run into useful and ornamental shapes. Their vapors are not so often seen, and perhaps the thought that they can be changed to a vapor is one which never crossed our minds. It is true, nevertheless, that all substances of which we have any knowledge, and particularly all metallic substances, have a much greater resemblance to water than is commonly supposed. Thus, their three conditions of solidity, fluidity and vapor follow one another in the order of their fusion, the due accession of heat; and many, if not all of them, fall in crystals when suddenly cooled in the air while in the form of vapor. The process of sublimation which controls the commercial production of most of our sulphur, corrosive sublimate, sal ammoniac and carbonate of ammonia is in effect identical with the formation of snow. Drifts of the yellow snow of sulphur have been found around the craters of volcanoes.

Now, from the testimony of these volcanic fires and in other ways, we know that the interior of the earth is hot. From the evidence of rocks that have once been in a molten state, and from other geological facts, it is certain that it has been hotter than it is now. Probably the whole earth was once a molten globe, whirling about its steaming axis in liquid fury. Before this molten state there was a time when the elements were too hot to stand even in a fluid condition. The earth was without form and void, a shapeless blaze of incandescent gases, empty of all solidity. There was a mixture in this fiery mass of all the elements.

Of these elements about seventy are known, all varying in the degree of heat required to keep them in the form of vapor.

Therefore, during the gradual cooling process that has been going on since the earth was nebular, these elements have one after another been cooled to the point of condensation, liquefaction, and precipitation, either in the form of rain or snow. With each this time of precipitation has come, not suddenly and once for all, but by slow and imperceptible degrees. Cold waves have caused showers of each in turn. These showers have been succeeded by mists and clouds lifted from the earth by a warm wave. For each again with increasing cold its winter time has come, and each has had its time to fall in crystals of its own particular kind. Thus gradually has the atmosphere been freed from the elemental gases one by one, and thus gradually has the solid earth been formed by a long succession of different sorts of snow, each by successive layers of various sorts of ice. Would you see reproduced in miniature a snow-storm of the iron age, "blast your eyes" of melted iron until you see above the glowing mass of metal a quivering cloud of iron vapor. Again this vapor direct a chilling blast of air, and you shall see the iron crystals shoot into airy geometric forms, and fall in showers of red-hot sparkles to the earth. Would you see on a wider scale an illustration of the same principle, look at that bank of water-vapor rising from lake and river, see it condensed in the sky, mark the decanting of the current of northern air upon it, and you shall see one of our most common minerals to day yielding obedience to the same law that by a mote antiquity brought down silver and gold and precious stones in showers of priceless crystals.

We would not insist too rigorously that the various elements have been precipitated in regular and uniform succession from the atmosphere, because under the influence of heat the elements not only melt, but, unless the heat be too intense, they also combine with one another in fixed and definite proportions. It is quite probable that, just as in nature snow storms oxygen and hydrogen fall together in the crystal as they have stood together in the fluid and in the vapor, so the ancient rains fall two or more elements crystallized in combination, and formed, on falling, strata of composite rock.

If our theory is correct, it will throw light on the future as well as upon the past of the world we live on. If succeeding ages bring continuous decrease of heat, it will not be many centuries before the return of the glacial epoch. Should the cold increase, all the water of the world would freeze. Animal and vegetable life would became extinct, and the world would be "a whited sepulchre." The atmosphere, freed from vapor of water and contracting under the influence of cold, would press closer and closer to the earth. Let the cold increase to a sufficient degree, and the mercury would become sluggish and freeze, as silver has frozen thousands of years ago. A few degrees lower and alcohol will thicken and solidify. Upon still further contraction of heat the atmosphere would, and the lighter gases will be subdued. Oxygen and nitrogen will approach their "dew-point," and change from dry and invisible gases to vapor-ous floating clouds.

As colder currents sweep across the sky the tiny molecules or atoms will mingle in liquid drops, and form forts and fortresses of stone; cabins—for cooking—for picnicing, for learning the ducilities that belong to the offices of housekeeping. Home is the word; to give great quickening sense to it, to ennoble it, to endear it, to justify it; this is, or ought to be, the aim where roof trees are planted in the open of God's country. One of the greatest of lacks, as appears to me, in the pretty Bellamy programmes of social fixtures, is that they disjoint and fling apart all old and well-tried ideas of home, leaving no place for their development. Such schemes legislate away need for it; for, what is home without its hearpot singing on the hearth, without its rallying-place at the fireside for family seclusion; without its "table-round," where books, games, singing, talk—unhampered by over-critical ears—fill up the eventide; without, maybe, its household mishaps of kitchen or larder, unwaxing the management and compelling virtues of self-denial—of gracious reticence—of quiet, brave reconcilement with the accidents of life?—*Ik Marvel in September Scribner.*

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In the Adirondacks.

Mr. Leonard Franklin (who has just ordered some game and trout), and I is eating with great relish).—Ah, what a treat it is to get some fish that are really fresh! I'll bet you these were in the water an hour ago——

Holy smoke, my tooth!

Mr. Thomas White.—What's matter, dear boy? Struck a bone!

Mr. Leonard Franklin (ruefully).—No; solder!—*Puck.*

The Toad and the Duke of Wellington

Short Cuts has unearthed a peculiarly delightful letter of the Duke of Wellington's, which runs as follows: "Strathfieldsaye, July 27, 1837.—Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington is happy to inform William Hastings that his toad is alive and well." During one of his country walks the duke found a little boy lying on the ground bending his head over a tame toad, and crying as if his heart would break. On being asked what was the matter the child explained that he was crying "for his poor toad." He brought it something to eat every morning, but he was now to be sent away to school a long distance off, and he was afraid that nobody else would give it anything to eat, and that it would die. The Duke, however, consoled him by saying that he would himself see the toad well fed, and further promised that he would hear as to its welfare. During the time the boy was away at school he received no less than five autograph letters similar to that given above, and when he returned for the Christmas holidays the toad was still alive to gladden his heart. The story is even more delightful than that of the Duke's indignation when he found that a party of children at Strathfieldsaye—among whom, we believe, was the present Prime Minister—were having their tea without jam. The incident roused him to immediate action, and he at once rang the bell and issued a peremptory order that "children's tea" was never to be served in his house with such "maimed rights."—*The Spectator.*

A Quaint Custom.

In Scotland it was at one time a customary joke, when a younger sister was married before the elder, to send a pair of green stockings to the maiden all forlorn; and, as custom insisted that on such occasions the unhappy spinster had to dispense with shoes in the evening dance, even chance guests were promptly informed that Rachel had outstripped Leah.

Only a Farmer's Wife.

"I never saw such lovely woods in all my life!" said Kate Blessington. "Wintergreen and slender stemmed wild flowers, and gray, old, fallen logs hidden in ferns, and merry little tinkling brooks! And Charley has showed me where there is an ice-cold spring under the rocks, and a cave where the Indians used to hide in Revolutionary times!"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Daggett, knitting away as if each separate needle were freighted with electricity.

"And we're going to have a picnic to-morrow, all by ourselves," went on Kate, carelessly swinging her broad-brimmed hat by one ribbon, "Charley and I. I'm to pick a basket of wild strawberries, and he's to bring rolls and lettuce and hard-boiled eggs, and I shall show him Madranello's recipe for salad-dressing out there, under the trees. And we'll cool a bottle of your currant wine in the spring and read Shakespeare, under the green vines, with the blue birds whistling in our ears; and, altogether, it will be just like a dream of Arcadia!"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Daggett.

"That's twice you've uttered that stiff old monosyllable," said Kate, a little piqued. "I wonder what it means!"

Mrs. Daggett looked up at the lovely young thing, in her cool, rustling muslins, and the slender gold chain around her white throat; she "took stock" so to speak, of the dazzling blue eyes and hair that was like a cloud of crinkly gold, and the pure red-and-white complexion. As she thought of honest, sunburned Charley at work in the upland grass-lots, the conviction pressed more deeply than ever upon her mind that it was not a fairly matched contest between her grandson and her city boarder.

"Did you ever read the fable of the 'Boy and the Frogs,' Miss Blessington?" said she.

"Haven't I?" retorted Kate, with a laugh. "Half a dozen times at least. But why do you ask?"

"Because," said Mrs. Daggett, "what was fun to the boys was death to the frogs."

"You mean—"

"I mean," said old Mrs. Daggett, shrewdly eyeing Miss Blessington over the rims of her silver spectacles, "that what you are enjoying so much may be a sorry business for my grandson Charley!"

"What nonsense," cried Kate. "As if I meant any thing!"

"That's just it," said Mrs. Daggett. "You don't mean anything, but Charley does! Charley is in earnest about everything!"

"Does he really dare to imagine that I would—"

"Stop a minute, my dear, stop a minute," interposed the old lady, whose knitting needles had never for a single moment abated their clicking. "What is he to imagine, when you seek his society, take pleasure in his companionship, and put forth all your attractions to charm him.

"Because I do like him," said Kate.

"And he loves you!"

Kate's lip quivered; the deep carmine rushed into her cheek.

"I'm sorry," said she, "I am, indeed. I never thought that—oh, if I could only put off this picnic business!"

The old lady eyed her still more sharply.

"So he's nothing more than an ordinary acquaintance to you!" said she.

"I like him," said Kate. "Oh, ever so much! But—I never can be a farmer's wife!"

"There are people in the world worse off than farmers' wives," said Mrs. Daggett.

"Perhaps so," said Miss Blessington, a little haughtily. "But Uncle Orlando has brought me up with far different views. I am to go with him to Europe and be presented at court by the American minister's wife. I am to be his heiress, and—"

Mrs. Daggett rose quietly up and laid aside her knitting.

"I must go and see after my roast ducklings and green peas," said she. "And your beautiful bunch of ferns, Miss Blessington, is all wilting for a lack of a little cold water to put them in."

Kate Blessington went slowly across the wide hall, where the two-hundred-year-old Antwerp clock ticked like the fall of ghostly footsteps. At the same moment Charley Daggett came in—a tall, sunburned Apollo, with dark, sparkling eyes and a rich, brown complexion, like a Spaniard's.

"See what I have found up in the fields," said he. "Just in time to escape the scythe! A nest of young robins, which somehow had fallen from the trees."

"Oh, the dear, dear little things," cried Kate, her blue eyes glittering, her damask cheek laid softly against the callow nestlings.

"I thought you would like to see them," said Charley. And then, all in a second, he took both her hands, bird's-nest and all, in his, swept by a sudden burst of impulse.

"Kate," cried he, "I love you! Oh, my dearest, you must have known it long ago."

But she pulled her hands indignantly away from him.

"How dare you speak so to me, Mr. Daggett!" said she. And the next instant she was gone.

Charley Daggett looked after her with a pained and bewildered face. He had not received a mortal wound. Was it, then, possible that he had been so fatally mistaken? Test all this time Kate Blessington had only been amusing herself at his expense:

"They to break a country heart
For pastime, ere she went to town."

While, up in her own room Kate Blessington burst into a passion of tears, whether of pain or pleasure, she could hardly tell.

"I liked him so much," she sobbed out. "Oh, I did like him so much—and, now—But the idea of his daring to tell me that he loved me! I'll go home to morrow!"

And the picnic by the mountain spring, whereat Mr. Daggett was to be instructed in the mysteries of Madranello's recipe for salad-dressing, never came to pass.

The old housekeeper in the Fifth avenue mansion stared when she opened the door to Miss Blessington, who had driven up to the front steps in a cab, piled high with luggage, in the purple dusk of the summer evening.

"Is my uncle at home, Priscilla?"

"Well, Miss Kate," stammered the astonished old lady, "he just ain't, and that's fact!"

"Gone to his club?"

"No, Miss Kate, not exackly."

"Where is he then?"

"Didn't you git his let er, miss?" questioned the old woman.

"I have got no lett r. He isn't sick?"

"No, miss, but he's married!"

"Married?"

Miss Blessington sat down in the big hall-chair.

"My uncle? And to whom?"

"To Miss Nina Grey!"

"Nina Grey!" gasped Kate. "Priscilla, you must be dreaming. She's younger than I am."

"I ain't, miss, no more'n yourself. He sailed for Europe on Saturday, with his bride. Dear me, here's the letter now, in the rack. I spose it had been mailed a week ago."

A cold, clear, cutting letter, in which Mr. Orlando Blessington expressed his conviction that in rearing and educating his niece, he had done all that could possibly be expected of him. That he had just been married to pretty, little Nina Grey, his partner's youngest daughter, and that hereafter he hoped that Kate would find it convenient to shift for herself, as Nina preferred no divided rule in the Fifth avenue mansion.

Poor Kate!

Once, twice, she read the letter over before she found herself able fully to comprehend its cold, cruel meaning; and then, with her eyes blinded with tears, she turned to Priscilla.

"I may stay here to-night, I suppose?" she said, with a quiver in her voice.

"As long as you please, Miss Kate!" cried the old woman.

"No," she returned, more firmly; "this is no longer my home. Only—only I have nowhere else to go, just yet, and all this seems so sudden."

Mrs. Daggett could hardly believe her eyes, the next week, when Miss Blessington came back to the old farm-house among the Berkshire Hills.

"You are surprised to see me," said Kate, with a faint smile. "But—but things have altered with me. My uncle has married a girl younger than myself, and turned me—in a civil sort of way, to be sure—out of doors. I have got to work for my living now. And there are so few things, short of genteel starvation, that a woman can do! So I chanced to remember what you said about a school-teacher being needed at the Hadden Cross Roads public-school, where nobody liked to go, because it was such an unhealthful location, and the scholars all so rough and stupid. But beggars mustn't be choosers, and I thought that perhaps Charley—Mr. Daggett—could see the trustees for me, in a day or too."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Daggett. "And you're kindly welcome, Miss Blessington, back to the old farm."

But Kate cried herself to sleep that first night in the sweet old room, where the sweet-brier bushes sent up so subtle a fragrance, and the walls were papered with blue-and-white stripes.

"So you are back, Miss Blessington?" said Charley, when he met her, the next day.

"Yes, I am back."

"And you want to go to teaching?"

"Yes."

"But I once heard you say you detested school-teaching."

"So I do."

"Then why do you teach?"

"Because," confessed Kate, crimsoning, "there is no alternative."

"You would rather teach school than to be a farmer's wife?"

"I haven't said so!" said Kate, biting her lip. "And it's very wicked of you, Charley—Mr. Daggett, I mean—to taunt me so!"

"Kate!"

"Well—Charley?"

"Will you be a farmer's wife, now?"

"Of course I will be—if you ask me?"

"Because there is no other alternative?"

"No—because I love you, Charley!"

So they were married; and Kate has been heard to declare that the kindest office Uncle Blessington ever did her was to send her back to the old Daggett homestead.

"For," she says, "a farmer's is the most independent life in the world—next to that of a farmer's wife."

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Why He Married the Lawyer.

"How did you come to marry?" The question was asked by an acquaintance of a prosperous looking man of about 40 years of age, who sat near a window in the sitting-room at the Girard yesterday.

"Well," he replied, after a little hesitation, "I'll tell you. At the age of 25 my father died. Being his sole heir, my mother having died previously, I found upon my hands a rolling mill in the center of the State. I took full charge of the works, but hadn't run them six months when a little orphan boy employed there was seriously injured, in fact, crippled for life. He was under the legal age, and besides, the accident was the result of a gross piece of negligence on the part of my superintendent.

"The child soon obtained friends to help him. They brought suit and obtained a verdict of $25 000 damages. I had retained the best counsel that I could find, but it availed nothing. Of course we appealed, but the Supreme Court only put their seal of approval upon the finding of the lower tribunal. One of the particularly curious things about the matter was that the child was represented by a female lawyer, comparatively young and very attractive and entertaining.

"Now the entire plant, mortgaged as it was, was worth $30,000, so when the judgment had been satisfied and other costs and charges had been paid, I found myself in very tightened circumstances.

"Now comes the curious part of the story. The female lawyer, shortly after the case had been finally settled, adopted the boy. Sharp trick, eh? Well, mine was sharper. Six months after I met the lady at a reception. I must confess that her charms completely captured me, and I was not long in discovering that I was in love. Certain circumstances which I need not mention led me to at least hope that my feelings were reciprocated. I lost no time in proposing, and to my infinite delight was accepted. We were married about eighteen months after the trial, and you can rest assured that from the first I was very much attached to our little adopted son." And he looked into the face of his auditors and smiled knowingly. —*Philadelphia Press.*

Prison Reform.

Member Prisoners' Relief Committee—My friend, are there any objectionable features about this prison you would like to see removed?

Prisoner—Yes, my own.

The Dear Girls.

Ethel—Time flies.

Maud—Probably you are right. You have had more experience with time than I have.—*N. Y. Sun.*

What Kept Him.

"No," said she, "I—I can be only a sister to you." "Very well," said he, "I must be going. I had expected a different answer, but—well, good night." "George," she faltered, as he started out into the night. "George!" "What is it?" he asked crossly. "Aren't you going to kiss your sister good night?" He did not go.

His Difficulty.

Doctor—My poor man! You seem to be in a sad condition, indeed. What is your trouble?

Cadaverous Individual—Difficulty in swallowing.

Doctor—Does it seem to be due to the inaction of the throat?

Cadaverous Individual—No; it's due to not having anything to swallow.

High Opinions.

Passenger in balloon (to aeronaut)—I'm very much taken up with you, sir.

Aeronaut—And you are rising higher in my opinion every minute.

Loud as Thunder Probably.

Mrs. Porcine—What a lovely rainbow that is!

Mrs. Chipbeef—Oh, I dare say it's very well, but the colors are too loud for my taste.

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He—There was a good deal of danger about it, so I—I thought we'd better face it together!—*Life.*

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EDMOND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Music.

In these days of summer rest, the music-hunter, unless he finds in bands and band music the enjoyment he looks for, will have to go out of town. If he does this with judgment as to his destination, as I did last week, he may find something very much to his taste. On Wednesday, August 20, I found myself at the thriving village of Waterloo, one of the centers of German population in Ontario, where a Saengerfest was in progress. This is a peculiarly German institution, at which music and lager beer are both very much in evidence. German singing societies from different cities meet and sing choruses *en masse* and in friendly rivalry at concerts and spend the remainder of their time in renewing old friendships and cementing new ones. Waterloo did its best to welcome its visitors last week, and succeeded so well and showed such public spirit that over three hundred singing visitors were billetted among its residents and spoke words of strong praise for the royal hospitality given them.

*

The visiting societies were: Arion des Nordens, Bay City, Mich.; Berliner Saengerbund, Berlin, Ont.; Canstatter Maennerchor, Detroit, Mich.; Concordia Verein, Berlin, Ont.; Deutscher Saengerbund, Buffalo, N.Y.; Frohsinn Maennerchor und Gemischter Chor, Detroit, Mich.; Harmonie Verein, Detroit, Mich.; Liederkranz, Berlin, Ont.; Plattdeutscher Maennerchor, Detroit, Mich.; Veteranen Maennerchor, Detroit, Mich.; Germania Gesangverein, Hamilton, Ont.; Harmonie Gesangverein, Jackson, Mich.; Liederkranz, Rochester, N.Y.; Washington Liederkranz, Detroit, Mich. Quite a respectable array of visitors, as you will see, to which must be added the Liedertafel Maennerchor and Gemischter Chor of Waterloo, who were the hosts of the occasion. Right well did they perform their arduous duties. Everybody was made at home and happy at once.

*

The first concert, which took place on the Wednesday evening, took the form of a reception, and was opened by an address of welcome by Mr. G. Moore, mayor of Waterloo. Mr. Jacob Conrad, President of the Festival Committee, also addressed the audience. Beyond this all was music. The united societies of Berlin and Waterloo sang A Song of Welcome in fine style, a number of excellent voices showing fine training at the hands of Mr. Baldwin Puhlmann, director of the Waterloo Society. The same forces closed the concert with a spirited rendering of the Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin. A very efficient orchestra assisted, and gave several selections under the baton of Mr. H. Zoller, whose fine band, the Waterloo Musical Society, added much to the pleasure of the concerts as well as the other festivities. Messrs. Saladin and Suckert of Detroit sang Gabussi's Fishers most creditably. The principal solo vocalists were Mrs. Caldwell and Mr. E. W. Schuch, who took part in all the concerts. Mrs. Caldwell was in fine voice, and delighted and surprised the visitors with her excellent renditions of the bravura songs which have made her famous. Encores were insisted upon every time she sang during the festival, a fate which was shared by Mr. Schuch.

*

The second concert was a matinee, at which several numbers were sung by the combined forces of the societies, producing a splendid broad effect. The sonorous, virile tone of so many men's voices, and the excellent and careful training shown by all produced a result that was a pleasing and striking surprise to those who had never heard this class of music. The contrasts, both of light and shade and of tempo, were artistically brought out, and the phrasing generally was excellent to a degree. The individual societies also contributed to this concert as well as to the evening concert. The Frohsinn Society of Detroit had brought the ladies of its chorus, and gave a spirited rendition of a charming cantata, Spring's Enchantment, with orchestral accompaniment under Prof. J. J. Deizer. Particular excellence was shown at this concert by the Canstatter Maennerchor of Detroit and by the Germania of Hamilton, under Messrs. G. Herrmann and W. Niephorn respectively. Prof. W. Yunck of Detroit played Alard's Fantasia on Masaniello, and showed himself to be a violinist of great technical resource and a beautiful soft and clear tone.

*

At the Thursday evening concert the combined societies sang three numbers, one of which was Prof. G. Hermann's Ode to Columbia, with solos by Mr. C. Rittershaus and Mr. Schuch. It is a fine scholarly work with orchestral accompaniment, and received an imposing rendition. Mr. Rittershaus has a fine clear tenor voice of great range, and could make his mark in a larger sphere than that offered by Waterloo. The Rochester Liederkranz, Buffalo Saengerbund and Bay City Arion des Norden gave excellent performances of their songs. A very pleasing performance of a duet, Wenn Sanft des Abends by Miss Bovensiep and Mr. G. Kraft of Detroit was well received, and the piano accompaniments at all the concerts were most carefully played by Mr. Carl Martens of Toronto. The only drawback to the musical enjoyment of the festival was the poor acoustic qualification of the rink in which the concerts took place.

*

But the influence of song on the Teutonic generation was best shown at the convivial meetings which followed the concerts. Each society had its club-room where lager beer was alternaced with song. Chorus after chorus resounded, all splendidly sung. Society visited society and was royally entertained and—sang. Songs as old as the hills, known to every German, would be started by one voice and immediately the whole room full of singers joined and sang—not in rough, uncouth or noisy style, but with all the shading and effect that would be expected at a concert. The effect of these harmonies riding out on the still night air was wonderful in its sweetness. At the close of the last concert all the singers met in the Town Hall—ladies and all—and had a brotherly, convivial hour. This *Commers* as it is called, opened with the time-honored *Ecce quam bonum*, which was followed by several humorous choruses sung by the whole assemblage. After this the club rooms continued the fun. But, be it remembered—convivility, not license—was the order of the night, and though the hours had waned and waxed again before the brethren separated the same temperance—in the best sense of the word—which had characterized the beginning of the *sederunt*, also adorned its close. Whether this was due to the mild quality of the beer or to the strong heads of its devotees is a question I am, of course, not qualified to pass an opinion on—probably both. The next Saengerfest of the Peninsular will be held in Hamilton next August.

*

Miss L. May Peddrick, contralto of the quartette at the Unitarian church, Philadelphia, (in which Mrs. Aline Osgoode, so well known in Toronto musical circles, is leading soprano), sang Mercadante's Salve Maria Sunday evening at St. Michael's Cathedral. Miss Peddrick has a fine voice, deep and full, with a wide range and full of feeling. A great charm is her distinctness of enunciation. All who heard her on Sunday evening were delighted.

*

I see by the papers that Mr. G. H. Fairclough, organist of All Saints, has been appointed director of music at the Presbyterian Ladies' College at Brantford, as well as organist and choirmaster of Zion Presbyterian church at the same city, Miss Alice Waltz taking the vocal department.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Many people await the opening of the theatrical season with as much eagerness as the small boy waits for circus time. It is the same emotion a little further developed. That season is at hand, and the emblazoned dead walls and bill-boards tell us that the head of the procession is in sight. Other stars than the luminaries of empyrean will soon fill the public eye and occupy public attention. Whispering lovers will be afforded every facility to continue their star-gazing all winter, if he has money enough. The shimmer of the moonlight on the dew-gemmed foliage will be worthily represented by the ingenious calcium manipulator in the dress circle, and in its fairy beams will disport sprites more alluring than ever graced fairy ring or danced 'neath Druidical oak. It is just possible—mind you, I do not assure this—that the coming show may bring us an imitation of Henry Irving, which everyone will accept with thanks seeing they cannot get the original article. Mayhap the memories of bygone days will be recalled by the magic notes of the old songs—McGinty and Annie Rooney—and if we do not see Uncle Tom, the black-haired but fascinating villain, the rustic maiden in French boots and diaphanous skirts, Mlle. Vaqlioni, the splendid young *danseuse* of sixty-three, or Joe Murphy in Kerry Gow, we may go home and sadly but firmly make a note in our diaries of the decadence of dramatic art. On the other hand we may expect to see many new, amusing, instructive, and impressive representations of life and character in this mimic world which will unfold its various phases to us during the season. Besides the finest presentations of the classics of Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Knowles and Lytton and the unidyllic productions of Sardou and his contemporaries it may be expected that this season's harvest of plays will be fruitful in the works of the young American school of dramatists, whose able work is beginning to attract a large share of attention both here and in England.

*

Our managers are busily engaged preparing their theaters for the opening of the season. In the three houses steps have been taken to enhance the comfort and pleasure of their patrons. Mr. Sheppard of the Grand Opera House has given this neat and comfortable house of entertainment a most thorough overhauling from top to bottom, before and behind the scenes. Commencing at the front door will be found the first renovation in the shape of a broad and spacious entrance leading up in an inclined plane to the level of the foyer, thus doing away with the steps which had formerly to be surmounted on entering. The walls and ceiling of the entrance are handsomely decorated with a figured paper for the ceiling bordered with light blue, a wall paper of a soft brown tone, surmounted by a beautifully decorated frieze and bordered at the bottom with a wainscot finished in cherry and maple with a marbled base. The inner foyer is papered in a beautiful design of brown and gold. The boxes and the facing of the dress circle are tastefully finished in white, blue and gold. The awkward steps in the central aisle have been removed and new carpets laid. A large amount of new scenery, standing draperies, etc., has been prepared and in all parts the renovation has been thorough. The entire house is now lighted with the Edison incandescent light which can be graduated to any degree of intensity. "I want to make my theater as home-like as possible. I want to make every one feel at home here," said Manager Sheppard, the other day, and anyone who visits the Grand cannot but feel that he has accomplished much toward the end desired.

*

The following are some of the attractions already engaged to appear at the Grand Opera House during the coming season: Vernona Jarbeau, Hallen & Hart, Faust Up to Date, Conreid Opera Co., The Wife, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Rosina Vokes, Joe Murphy, Louis Morrison in Faust, Rose Coghlan, Pearl of Pekin, Howard Athenæum Specialty Co., Henry E. Dixey, Thomas Keene, Richard Golden in Old Jed Prouty, Hanlon's Fantasma, Little Tycoon, Dan Sully in The Millionaire, The Charity Ball, Minnie Palmer, Cora Tanner, Robert Mantell, Carleton Opera Co., Nellie Long, and Seeing the handsome glass in my hand, he remarked: "Did the captain tell you how he came by that?" I answered in the negative, and in five minutes more I was seated in the pilot-house and was in possession of the whole story.

Capt. Lawson is a Norwegian by birth, of fine physique, sturdy and muscular as the ideal Norseman, with wonderfully clear grey eyes that nothing in lake or sky can escape. He says in all the seventeen years that he has sailed the Muskoka lakes that his heart never failed him but that once—when upon rounding an island he beheld a far-off yacht lean, dip, and capsize in one of the treacherous gales that are born almost daily in these rock-moulded straits.

Orders were immediately given for speed. Out of her course the Muskoka swung with the captain's unflinching hand on the wheel. Even with redoubled speed it seemed to that anxious sailor that she was barely crawling, and as they drew nearer his stalwart heart sickened with the terribleness of a fear that he would be too late. When at last the lifeboats were lowered it seemed almost impossible that they were in time to save the unfortunates. But the captain's promptitude and clear-headedness were rewarded. Four courageous men and four brave girls were swimming and struggling in a semi-exhausted state, yet never once losing their presence of mind. They secured the life-preservers instantly and were taken aboard, where the captain's humane attentions soon warmed them back to vitality and to a life-long gratitude toward one of the best and bravest sailors on our Canadian lakes. During the recital of the little story the captain was perfectly silent. It was only when we read aloud the gold-lettered inscription on the morocco case of the glass that he spoke. It was simple enough, and ran:

PRESENTED TO
CAPTAIN N. LAWSON,
OF THE
STEAMER MUSKOKA,
AS AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS GALLANT SERVICES
IN SAVING LIFE ON LAKE JOSEPH,
AUGUST 21ST, 1889.

J. HERBERT MASON. WILLIAM MORRIS.

There was an odd strain in his voice as he said: "Even yet I wake in the night and see them struggling. It was awful to think we might be too late." Then turning to the gentleman beside me he faltered: "I did not say much when you gave me the glass, there were too many people about. I had wished for it for years, but it is not I that could buy such a fine one." He turned again to his wheel, with a soft mist overspreading his keen, kind eyes, and I slipped quietly out of the pilot house to join my gay companions, while my own eyes were—but here I am lying abed still musing on the incidents of yesterday. It is Sunday morning, no church, no fishing, no excursions in this delightful storm, I think it a good day to "write up" newspaper sketches and letters to far away friends, so I practically follow my thoughts until late in the afternoon when the rain slackens, and two of the boys come over from the next camp and invite themselves to tea. The noise and irrepressible gaiety of that pair banishes every idea of scribbling, and by and bye two of us paddle loving idlers slip out to stow ourselves away in our slender little canoe that bears us across the lake where we shall attend divine service in the crescent shaped village of Rosseau.

Up on the hills the bells are ringing for evensong, the Arabs are congregating from their various tents along the margin of the lake, the cottagers are clothed much as we see them on Sundays in the city, the campers are garmented in their clean white flannels and varicolored blazers, it is a quaint, nondescript crowd, but, artistic wishful, and the atmosphere seems to reflect something of the color that prism like radiates from the apparel of the worshippers. After a brief toll up the hillside during which the skies burned deeper and redder we turned towards the south-east to behold one of the most transcendent scenes that ever gladdened Canadian eyes. Muskoka is a land of glorious sunsets but she surpasses herself to-night, and we feel that even Italy cannot rival the magnificence of color and outline that lies about us.

The entire west and south are blood-hued, large ragged pieces of flame-colored cloud are breaking loose and drifting down from the embankments of vermillion that pile up, up, up to the very zenith—below the dead, calm lake, rock-environed, fir-enveloped, has absorbed the life-blood of the skies above. The clouds have huddled themselves blackly in the east, and from shore to shore a perfect, unbroken, brilliant rainbow arches over the tips of the distant rocks—embracing in its semi circle three islands of transparent green and opaque gray. Above and about us the pine trees lift their tall, black heads, and through their outstretched arms we watch in silence the world bathed in its inimitable glory.

We forget our puny selves for the moment, but the slow, monotonous splash of oars at our feet, the church bell's lingering notes, and the flash of glory caught by the little gold cross on the prayer-book in our hand awakens us to the memory of the service we thought to attend. I look towards the little wooden church, then at the splendor about us, then at my comrade, who understands the unspoken question and replies reverentially, "You are right, we are nearer Heaven out here." We turn simultaneously and retrace our steps over the rocky path to our canoe. Very quietly we paddle across the gold and garnet sea—our craft slipping, almost unconsciously to us, into that lovelicst of streams, Shadow River, where we watch the rainbow pale as the clouds loose their crimson and swoon all colorless into the nightfall. Yes, we are nearer Heaven out here. We can creep very close to the feet of the tender Father who has made the earth so exquisite, our lips might have uttered more prayers had we knelt by the wooden benches in the little sanctuary, but here our hearts—aye our very lives are a prayer that is surely too earnest, too devotional to ascend unheeded.

F. PAULINE JOHNSON.

With Canvas Overhead.

We were awakened this morning by the creaking of the guy ropes as they strained and dragged at their pegs. Our tent, beaten upon by the uncertain wind, flapped its wings like some strange white bird struggling in the teeth of a storm, and at ftful intervals hurried dashes of rain battered against the frail canvas that was the sole tissue between us and the Muskoka skies. We rolled ourselves snugly in our grey blankets, and watched with heavy eyes the little rills of water that crept under the wings and scurried over the rocks that made such sure footing for our stretchers. The grey lichens awakened, too, as the rain touched their spongy pores, while they drank the trickling drops until wet and surfeited they exhaled a warm soft mist that arose and laid its shadowy finger on our too early awakened eyes.

Lulled in sleep once more I awoke the second time with a terrible start. The rain was still drip, drip, dripping on the cotton roof above me, but the wind had subsided and it was no sound from without that startled me, but only the rapid throb of my heart, for was I not re-living in my dreams the story of danger and peril that I heard yesterday, while up Lake Joseph with a merry crowd of Bohemians who were too light-hearted and jovial to feel the pathos of the superb scenery that had calmed me into a reverie that was almost "akin to pain." I had laughed and sung and jested also for a time, but little by little my merriment left me, and by-and-bye I stole away "forward," and crouching down alone by the wheel-house, I prepared to luxuriate in the great heart of Nature for the remainder of the afternoon.

"Will you not use the glasses?" asked a manly voice that vibrated with a pleasant and peculiar foreign accent. I looked upward to see that most courteous of sailors, Capt. Lawson of the Muskoka; and he was offering to me a superb pair of field glasses that did me very efficient service during the next half hour, in spying out the minute beauties of Lake Joseph. After a time a prominent Toronto citizen idled along, and seeing the handsome glass in my hand, he remarked: "Did the captain tell you how he came by that?" I answered in the negative, and in five minutes more I was seated in the pilot-house and was in possession of the whole story.

Capt. Lawson is a Norwegian by birth, of fine physique, sturdy and muscular as the ideal Norseman, with wonderfully clear grey eyes that nothing in lake or sky can escape. He says in all the seventeen years that he has sailed the Muskoka lakes that his heart never failed him but that once—when upon rounding an island he beheld a far-off yacht lean, dip, and capsize in one of the treacherous gales that are born almost daily in these rock-moulded straits.

Orders were immediately given for speed. Out of her course the Muskoka swung with the captain's unflinching hand on the wheel. Even with redoubled speed it seemed to that anxious sailor that she was barely crawling, and as they drew nearer his stalwart heart sickened with the terribleness of a fear that he would be too late. When at last the lifeboats were lowered it seemed almost impossible that they were in time to save the unfortunates. But the captain's promptitude and clear-headedness were rewarded. Four courageous men and four brave girls were swimming and struggling in a semi-exhausted state, yet never once losing their presence of mind. They secured the life-preservers instantly and were taken aboard, where the captain's humane attentions soon warmed them back to vitality and to a life-long gratitude toward one of the best and bravest sailors on our Canadian lakes. During the recital of the little story the captain was perfectly silent. It was only when we read aloud the gold-lettered inscription on the morocco case of the glass that he spoke. It was simple enough, and ran:

PRESENTED TO
CAPTAIN N. LAWSON,
OF THE
STEAMER MUSKOKA,
AS AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS GALLANT SERVICES
IN SAVING LIFE ON LAKE JOSEPH,
AUGUST 21ST, 1889.

J. HERBERT MASON. WILLIAM MORRIS.

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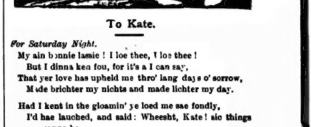
F. PAULINE JOHNSON.



To Kate.

For Saturday Night.

My ain bonnie lassie! I loe thee, I loe thee!
But I dinna ken fou, for it's a I can say,
That yer love has upheld me thro' lang days o' sorrow,
Made brichter my nichts and made lichter my day.

Had I kent in the gloamin' ye loed me sae fondly,
I'd hae lauched, and said: Wheesht, Kate! sic things canna be,
By the memory o' Nannie, and reasons owre reasons,
It's useless and waur, for I've nae loe tae gie.

But the gloamin' was dark, and but ae star did twinkle
Tae guide me tae licht, and it guided me thro',
And till God veils its lustre it ever will guide me,
For that ae bonnie star—Kate Acushla, was you.

Then what though three thousand lang miles lie atween us,
Our hearts are united—we are ane evermair;
I see thee! I see thee! Ye come like a gloamin',
As bricht as dame Venus and ten times as fair.

An' when owre the wud, lake and wide rolling prairie,
The sun gaes awa in his mantle o' sheen,
Ye leave me again, but tae mantle yer brichtness,
And ba me tae sleep in the licht o' yer een.

Kate! my ain bonnie Kate, that's the best I can ca' ye,
I loe thee! I loe thee! that's a I can say say,
Sune we'll join hands thegither and lauch at poor troubles,
For love, the great leveller, will drive them away.

GEORGE MOFFAT.

The Baby's Name.

For Saturday Night.

They christened the baby Margaret,
Such a grand old English name,
So replete with associations
Of old historic fame.

And then they called her Tottie,
Well! because she was so small,
And such a dainty little wilful
Bit of a human ball.

And one whom they call Pussy,
Will never get Winifrid,
Save in her wedding notice
Or on her coffin lid.

Now why in the name of justice
And all that's common sense,
Do you give your children names
That are only a vain pretence.

If you christen the baby Helen,
Call her Helen, and not
Birdie, Petty, nor Pussy,
Dolly, Daisy, nor Dot.

CARRIE LOUISE MUNSON.

In the Twilight.

For Saturday Night.

I've been an hour in Memory Land,
Wherefore my eyes are wet,
And to and fro a little line
Deep on my brow is set,
By the light touch of that pale hand
That opens the gates of Memory Land.

The golden sun of Memory Land
Aye shines surpassing fair,
And breath of flowers unearthly sweet
Floats on the balmy air.
Ah me! their whispered sighs have spanned
The gulf from here to Memory Land.

Down in the vale of Memory Land
Lie shadows cool and deep,
And tender voices come and go,
And sweet eyes smile and peep.
My heart yearns to the happy band
Who live afar in Memory Land.

I went alone to Memory Land
And tears unbidden fell,
And smiles and sighs in turn came by,
Why for, I could not tell,
Only my soul was glad to stand
An hour alone in Memory Land!

GRACE E. D.

Where She Comes.

With heavy elders overhung,
Half hid in clover mass,
An old fence rambles on, among
The tangled meadow grasses.
It makes a shade for lady-fern
Which nestles close beside it;
White clematis, at every turn,
And roses almost hide it.

In shade of overhanging sprays
And down a sunny hollow,
By hazel copse, and woodland ways,
The winding fence I follow;
By rose, and thorn, and fragrant dew,
In search of something sweeter—
The orchard-gay, where old cows through,
And I go down to meet her!

The sunlight slants across the fence,
Where lichens gray it over,
And stirs a hundred dreamy scents
From fern, and mint, and clover;
But though the air is sweet to-day,
I know of something sweeter:
That she can only come this way,
And I am sure to meet her!

And so, while chipmunks run a match
To tell the wrens who's coming,
And all across the brier patch
There sounds a drowsy humming—
The hum of honey-seeking bees—
I seek for something sweeter:
A gap, amongst the apple trees,
Where I am going to meet her!

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

"In My Love's Looks."

When peeped the sun above the sull en wold,
The stream ran black, and every clod was cold;
The shaggy woods where first his arrows flew
Were cased with ice and drenched in frosty dew.

By small degrees, and yet by small degrees,
Light vapors rose, and vanished on the breeze,
And thread-leg gnats, and frailest creeping things,
Crossed the rent rifts or stretched their gauzy wings.

Is nature, then, so prodigal of breath
She sends her broods forth to a flattering death
Matching the cold earth and the cheating sky
With faith and tender folly, why not I?

In my love's looks, as in the falsest sun,
All eager hopes and kindling passions run:
True, the frost comes to prove their promise vain,
But she'll find others when she smiles again.

Lippincott's.

He Knew It.

Visitor—What is that which no man wants no man has, and no man can get rid of?
Small Boy—My sister Mary.

Noted People.

A tennis shoe, a bracelet, a restaurant, a carpet, a tooth powder and polish for silver have been named after Stanley's bride.

Ouida is about to make a new departure. Her mind and time are being given to a drama which she is writing for Mdme. Sara Bernhardt. Its title—suggestive of mediæval romance—will be Helen of Toledo.

A number of private papers belonging to Howard Payne, the author of Home, Sweet Home, were found not long ago in a house in Leonard street, New York, where he lived in 1843. The papers were stored away in an antique oak chest.

The Earl of Moray gave £14 10s. for the unique miniature portrait of Mary Queen of Scots in her French widow's dress, which was sold the other day at the Cuthbert Bede library sale at Sotheby's. The MS. of Verdant Green, by Cuthbert Bede, was bought for £20 10s.

Miss Olive Schreiner's forthcoming book of allegories will contain Three Dreams in a Desert, The Sunlight Lay Across My Bed, The Lost Joy, In a Far off World, The Artist's Secret, In a Ruined Chapel, The Hunter (from The Story of an African Farm), and one or two others.

London *Truth* says: "Rudyard Kipling, has just returned from America, and has, I see, given his opinion of Transatlantic journalism. Here it is: 'American journalists are responsible for publications which are a lively and perfect image of a purposeless hell.' I should now like to hear the American journalists' opinion of Mr. Rudyard Kipling."

Miss Noll E. Seawall, the author of Throckmorton, a Southern novel just published by the Appletons, is a niece of ex-President Tyler, and lives in Washington. Miss Seawall's latest success is taking the five hundred dollar prize offered by the *Youth's Companion*, with her story, Little Jarvis. She is an occasional contributor to magazines of short stories and articles of sparkling style and delicate humor.

John Brown, son of John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame, lives quietly at Put in-Bay, O., where he cultivates a small vineyard and fruit farm. He is an old man now, having been one of the prominent persons in the stirring period in which his father figured. He is much annoyed by tourists, who insists upon hunting him up and discussing the exciting events around Harper's Ferry just prior to the American war.

Madame Laurin, one of the last of the vivandieres, has received the French government gold medal, in consideration of her long and arduous services in field, in camp, and on the march. Madame Laurin is sixty-eight years old, has nine grandchildren, and believes that it will not be long before the only surviving vivandiere will be found only on the boards of the opera, when that outworn favorite The Daughter of the Regiment is given.

"Max Elliott," the *nom de plume* under which Mrs. A. M. B. Ellis, a *litterateur* of Boston, Mass., has written for some years, is in England on a brief tour. She is one of the five correspondents whom the *Boston Herald* retains on its staff. Two of these are drafted to London—viz., Miss Annie Wakeman and Mr. Arthur Warren. One, Henry Haynie, resides in Paris. The remaining two—Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton and Mrs. Ellis—are grasshoppers who jump from field to field. "Max Elliott" is a consummate paragrapher, and one of the most persistent and penetrating interviewers on the American Press.

Mrs. Emma Forsyth owns most of an island in the Southern Pacific called New Britain. In her own land Mrs. Forsyth goes by the name of the White Queen. The chief industry of the island is the sale of mother-of-pearl, of which one hundred tons were collected on the seashore last year. Mrs. Forsyth was left a widow at the age of eighteen. She had at that time very little property, but she now owns one hundred and fifty thousand acres of land on the fertile South Sea Islands, two steamers that ply between the islands and Baltimore, and she is preparing to close a contract for the building of four more vessels for the island trade.

The little fragile King of Spain is deriving benefit from his sojourn at St. Sebastian. His anxious mother has the sagacity to let him enjoy himself like any other child of his age at the seaside, and dabble in the seawater, build sand castles, and make mud-pies to his heart's content. The life he leads is essentially simple and strengthening. He rises early and has his bowl of bread and milk in the garden, if it is a fine morning. When the sun gets high in the heavens his attendants lead him away to the shadier portions of the grounds, or he lies down indoors for a mid-day siesta, but at four o'clock in the afternoon he almost invariably goes for a drive.

In an article on book collectors, which appeared recently in one of the London papers, Heber, for many years the parliamentary representative of Oxford University, was charged with being a book-buyer rather than a book-lover. It was alleged in this article that Mr. Heber "leased houses and warehouses in all the continental cities, as well as in England, which were crammed with books which he had bought," and also that his library, upon which he had spent at least £100,000, did not realise more than half that amount at the public sale after his death. Now, as a matter of fact, Richard Heber possessed four different libraries, all of which were admirably arranged, and they were respectively kept at Hodnet (his place in Shropshire), at Paris, at Brussels, and at Amsterdam. After his death the library at Hodnet alone fetched £53,000, and most of his rarest books were included in the Continental collections, so they must have realised a great deal more. It was to Heber that Porson made his famous remark: "Mr. Heber, you have collected a great number of books; pray when do you mean to begin to read them?" Heber, however, was not merely a collector, but he did read his books, for the most competent of the leading dons at Oxford declared that they had never asked him about any rare work which he was known to possess, without finding him to be well acquainted with it.

Mr. Hutton, in his literary notes in the current *Harper's*, compares Mrs. Custer with her books commemorating her gallant husband to Queen Victoria, with her Albert memorials scattered broadcast over England, and the comparison is to the advantage of the former. Mrs. Custer seems more solicitous of giving the world a true picture of "the General" than of recounting her own adventures. Mrs. Custer, by the way, is spending the summer at her cabin near the Delaware Water Gap. There she lives from May to October with an elderly lady companion, roughing it almost as much as when she lived on the plains. Her home is two miles from a lemon, but is near enough to a farm-house where butter, eggs, milk and chickens are to be had in abundance. Twice a day mechanics going to their work at a factory in the nearest town stop at her door—in the morning to take her mail and in the evening to bring it. Her cabin is rudely furnished—that is, its equipments might seem rude to you or me; but Mrs. Custer, who likes luxury in her city apartment, despises it in her woodland cabin. The first summer she spent in this retreat she lived the life of a hermit, but now the people who go to the Water Gap and the neighboring resorts have found her out, and her cabin is a point of attraction for the summer visitors for miles around. She manages, however, to do a great deal of work there, and it was there that her last book, "Following the Guidon," was written.

Judson's Mistake.

Fred Judson was as nice a young man as one could wish to know. He was the son of moderately well-to-do, honest, parents who carried on a sale business in a thriving village, somewhere. Objecting to enter his father's occupation he drew from the paternal till a not large sum in hand, with the promise of a small allowance until he should be able to earn his own living, and, thus fortified, betook himself to a city wherein to tread the flowery paths of literature. Possessing a fair share of common sense, as well as poetic fancy, he laid down at the beginning of his career laws for his guidance. The first and most imperative was to keep himself respectable. In accordance with his rules he dressed well, had reputable lodgings, sought few companions and carefully eschewed bohemianism. Nevertheless he had within his breast more than a due share of those vague aspirations for an untrammelled and freer life that every civilised man feels more or less. In the two or three years in which he had been struggling to make his way as a writer, he had been industrious and rather lucky than not. He had obtained place for his articles in the better class of periodicals, and found that with occasional cheques from editors and pay now and then for hack service he was beginning to jingle money in both pockets. In fact, from his moderate habits he had already been able to purchase a few debentures of a railway which (had he known it) would soon become bankrupt and so bought for an old song by Jay Gould. There was indeed a fair probability that he would succeed in carrying out the scheme of his life, namely, in youth while his fancy was vivid to be a writer of magazine stories, after a while he might seduce a publisher into taking hold of a poem or a novel, when he reached middle life he would translate something, and as he advanced towards age would become a Jared Sparks or a Parkman. Meantime his was a rising name in minor literature, and then altogether, he was a praiseworthy person.

For some months previous to the date of our story there had appeared at the table d'hôte Eclaircissement Restaurant, where Fred always dined, a gentleman, middle-aged to elderly, in black broadcloth and a white waistcoat, with a respectably bald figurehead. His seat at table was near Fred's and the evident respectability of the man drew the attention of our young litterateur. Sundry passings of the salt and mustard established a bobbing acquaintance, which developed into nodding and in course of time led to spoken civilities such as "Fine day," "Is this hot enough for you?" and the like. In friendship as in everything else it is only the first step that costs. Civil phrases soon grew to conversation, and it became known to the elder gentleman that the younger was "connected with the press." To the general public there is something occult in authorship, personal acquaintance with a real live author is worth bragging of. It takes some time for one of the masses to master the fact that a writer does not differ much in appearance from an ordinary man of like size and weight. Still there remains around the wielder of the pen a halo of mystery, as it were. There is no knowing what he may say about you and put in print. On one occasion the gentleman and the young penman met in the vestibule of the Eclaircissement. "I would like to see some of your writings," said the elderly, picking up from the table and handing over the July number of the *North Review*. Now this periodical was one of the heaviest from which Fred's manuscripts had always been declined with thanks. Nothing daunted, our young man turned over the leaves and, first satisfying himself that the article was anonymous, laid his finger on Remarks on the condition of Bulgaria, with some suggestions for a Pan-Federation of the Sclavonic Races. The elderly person put on his glasses and pored over the article but could make nothing of it. Its incomprehensibility struck him as grand and he came to the conclusion that Fred must be a very talented fellow. Looking sympathetically at his pale young friend the E. G. said, "You look rather overworked. Better take a holiday. Been considering my little place in the country for a week or two." "You are very kind," said Fred, "but absolute restfulness and solitude are what I need." "You can have all that at my shop," returned the elder, "nothing to disturb you there. Nothing to hinder you to lay in as much restfulness as you think you can stand. Can be as solitary as John the Baptist in the lion's den if you want to. Take us in the rough. Regular shanty, you know. Come next week." Fred thanked him kindly and accepted the invitation.

That evening at dinner in his little place in the country the giver of the invitation to Fred casually mentioned to his wife and only daughter, "By the way, I have invited a new acquaintance to come here for a few days. Fred Judson he says his name is." "O! pa!" cried the young lady ecstatically, "can it be the fairly poet and writer of soulful short stories?" "Can't say as to that," replied her parent, "but he is a monstrous clever chap. A reg'lar literary man. Wrote a deep thing in the *North Review* about Pan Harmonic something. I read it myself and it was great." "Is he handsome, pa?" asked the daughter. "Passable as to that," said her sire, "shows clean cuffs and collars, has boots made by a bootmaker, and always wears a rose in his coat." "O, do ask him, pa!" continued the young lady. "I have asked him, my dear," was the response, "and he will be here next week."

The week flew on, bearing on its wings pleasant anticipations for Fred of the absolutely solitary and unconventional that he had been invited to enjoy. It happened that he had on hand a half-completed serial for the *Millenium* magazine, which it was necessary to complete before plunging into the restful life of the wilds. The story stood still at the point where two dukes, a marquis, an officer of the commissariat department, and two self-made millionaire civilians had all proposed to the red golden-haired spiritueelle blonde, Ida Ianthe, but none of them had yet been favored with a definite reply, inasmuch as she intended to marry an ostler, one of nature's noblemen. It was imperative to untangle this complication as rapidly as possible, and finish the tale. The way he did it was this: He made Ida Ianthe invite all the six suitors to meet her in the conservatory at 11.30, standard time. They were punctual, of course, and stood glaring at each other with eyes of fire. Anon the soft foot-fall of I. I. was heard approaching, but a careless menial in the shape of the comic Scotch gardener, had let a dynamite cartridge fall on the walk, and when the fair being's fairy foot stepped on it, it exploded with fearful violence and blew the six suitors, together with Ida Ianthe herself, into the air. Having thus disposed of his characters he sent the manuscript to the *Millenium* and set about preparing for his outing.

Proceeding to the quarter of Jewry, our young friend paused at the secondary clothes shop of Moesh to survey a suit of yellow oilskin that looked remarkably like the real skin of a Mongol who had been flayed by order of the Czar, and was now exposed on a pole, where it swung ghastly. The original owner of the skin had evidently spent most of his time on dirty wharves, and had probably been a wharf rat by profession. The suit was offered "dirt sheap!"—the cheapness including the dirt. The outfit was purchased by the young man pining after unconventionalism. A red shirt, a barber's striped cotton jacket for coolness, also pants of some fluffy material alleged to be impervious to mosquito bites, were added to the repertoire. These with cowhide shoes—number twelves—made wide in the beam to be stuffed with moss, also a beehive hat that had come down from some Hoosier ancestor, completed the equipment. Our Frederick then went home and slept, dreaming delightful dreams of the morrow—the soft plish-plash of the birch canoe's prow on some lonely stream, the shadow of flying deer, the insolent chatter of squirrels and the murmur of the ever grieving pines—although one fails to see what they have to murmur about. The spirit of the wilderness of woods enveloped him, and his own spirit said to all the sham constraints and constrictions of civilized life, "Avaunt! go hang!"

With dawn of day Frederick Judson, poet, concoctor of touching short stories, all-round *litterateur* and rising man, arrayed himself in his bought garments and stood before the mirror in his apartment. He was much pleased with his appearance. There was something in the figure that stared at him from the glass suggestive of the Last of the Mexicans, the Mound Builders, LaSalle and the Discoverers of the Mississippi, with a dash of Gabriel, the young blacksmith of Grand Pre. At all events he felt he was provided with an appropriate garb in which he could revel unconstrained in the primitive simplicity of nature, as described by Adirondac Murray. It was with a sensation of freedom that he stepped along the streets and took his place on an emigrant train that passed within a mile or two of the elderly gentleman's little place in the country." The police looked at him curiously, and at the depot a detective took a shot at him with a kodak and compared him with the photograph of an unknown maniac who was wanted for having murdered a grandmother. Arrived at the required siding, the train lumbered on, leaving our hero on the ricketty platform. In the exhilaration of his spirits he could not help raising his right hand to heaven, in the manner of Henry Irving, and breaking into snatches of song.

"This, this is solitude where none intrude!"

And so forth. That's Byron.

"O good gigantic smile o' the brown earth."—BROWNING.

"Now must I charter me a one-horsed team," etc.

At a little distance lay a log farmhouse, where he went to negotiate for a conveyance. The owner, in shirtsleeves and a battered straw hat, whittled at least six inches of a stick and turned the quid in his cheek at least six times before he assented that a horse could be had if the value of the beast, fifteen dollars, were first deposited. This would not do, so it was agreed that the farmer's hobbledehoy son should drive the stranger to his destination on an old ramshackle truck wagon, with loose boards for a floor. Fred rather liked the idea of the truck wagon. It was so unconventional.

They set off and rattled along a statute labor road, with a jolting that tossed them about like shuttlecocks, and a noise such as the wheels of Achilles' war chariot would have made when dragging the dead body of Hector around the walls of Troy. On, over layers of corduroy, through patches of mire, under sprawling and overhanging trees and up and down acclivities. All was rough and "primeval" as Fred's heart could desire. At length the noisy vehicle stopped and the hobbledehoy explained that by a short track through the wood the passenger could get a glimpse of Mr. Elderley's "place," and afterwards they could drive around to the front entrance. Fred therefore crawled through the brush until he suddenly found himself on the edge of an open. He rubbed his eyes. His flesh became goose flesh. On the upper plane of vision he saw the blue sky meet blue water, and in the foreground a steam launch with steam up and a gay string of colors flying. Creeping nearer he looked down on a hollow on the lake shore and beheld a cottage orne with pepper-pot turrets and green jalousies and white and crimson-roofed verandas. To his horror he saw on one side of this architectural bijou a croquet lawn and on the other a tennis ground, with players in full force amid a crowd of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, among whom were two or three curates in appropriate soutanes. His mistake flashed on him! It struck him like a thunderbolt that to present himself to that gaily dressed crowd in his then apparel would be a blasphemy. He turned to flee and found himself confronted by a burly individual, a keeper of some kind, with a thick stick in his hand about as thick as the canes affected by medical students. "Hullo, you!" cried this obnoxious officer, "what are you doing here? Come along o' me. Squire's a Justice and he will have ye sent to quod for trespassing." In a moment he saw that he attempted to take the supposed tramp by the collar, but our agile young friend stepped lightly back and delivered a blow on the countenance of the keeper that not only caused him to see several catherine wheels but liberated a flow of carmine fluid from his nasal organ, and he went down with a shout for help. To Fred's dismay he found that the shout had been heard below, for there arose several little screams as women utter when they see a mouse, and the men of the company came rushing up the slope in chase with fierce confederate yells, in which the curates were prominently conspicuous. Fred plunged through the bush like a buffalo and reached the truck-wagon with the pack at his heels. Springing in he frantically urged the hobbledehoy to drive like the deuce, and waved his beehive hat in proud defiance. The old horse, valued at $15, acted nobly. One after another of the pursuers became winded and dropped off, the curates being the last men, and Fred reached the siding with new ideas as to what is meant by fashionable solitude.

No results followed the adventure, excepting that young Judson changed his restaurant and never saw the elderly gentleman again.

HUNTER DUVAR.

Notes and Stray Facts.

A brilliant Newport belle, who has returned from an early summer trip to London, speaks very freely to her friends of the annoyances she suffered in the midst of her social triumphs. "Why," to quote her own words, "the women lots of those stiff Englishwomen regard us American girls is simply abominable. They are envious of a certain independence and style we have, that makes them appear as graceful as gambolling camels when they attempt it. Now, you understand, I met quantities of charming people over there, who were as good as gold to me. In fact, they would all have been nice if they could have gotten out a guarantee that we girls wouldn't marry any of their men. That's where the real friction comes in. Acres of Honorable Misses This and Misses That must be supplied, and there are not enough eligible men to go around without a squabble somewhere. One English girl can stand by and see another of her own nation carry off a prize, but to see an odious creature from the States' land a lord or rich young baronet is just a little more than she feels able to endure, and they think you can't exchange seven civil words with a man without having a matrimonial lasso concealed upon him, and his own consent, where there is an unmarried title in the family. Each particular member of that branch feels it a sacred duty to protect the guileless sprig of aristocracy, and see him safely mated to money and station. I had a funny little experience I don't mind telling here, in the bosom of my friends, as you all know of my engagement to Ned, and that the wedding takes place this fall. It scarcely seemed discreet to publish in London the fact of my contract on this side, and, having enjoyed some small successes over here, I thought it would be at once wise and amusing to try my hand, for the last time, on a few Britishers. Sure enough, at my first ball I snared an absurd little specimen of the aristocracy. It was a spidery pink, gnarled as a crab, and hissed and stuttered like the lid of a bubbling kettle. The little object fell head over heels in love with me, as I was the first women who had failed to take him seriously, and, of course, all his there was of the clans. Every musty old uncle and addiulated aunt, with all the anxious cousins, cousin, hovered over the wayward child, trying, you see, to expose my artful dodges to capture the poor little little—as I thought—lamb. I had been honor for a vigorous, amiable young woman like me to marry a duke, much less that weakly little visicount. I though to give them a lesson, and for three weeks kept the precious Bertie dangling by a string. Finally, when I let him lay his crest, his town and country house, his yacht, family connections, and, lastly, his meagre person at my feet, I replied so that every relative should learn how entirely I scorned his belongings, and was only sorry for the small man himself."—*Illustrated American.*

Expressed Differently.

"O, Matilda," said Penelope Bunkerhill to her Chicago cousin, "I'm so glad that you and Mr. Pigsticker came to be married! I know what it is to love, myself, too, and I can imagine just how you feel when he is near you. How your heart seems ready to burst with the love that is holds for him! How you long to throw yourself at his feet! How his every glance thrills you with an inexpressible, sublime feeling, and, and—"

"You bet yer life yer right!" replied Matilda Porker, "'cause I'm dead stuck on Bob!"—*Lawrence American.*

The Marks of the Angel-Man.

The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, or tirade, or suspicion, or gloom or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He had his eye on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against touching on sensitive or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and rend, instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it.

Concerning Hands

Hands have been in use ever since the earth was a small ball. As a general thing they are very handy to have with you, though we could get along further without them than we could without feet by several feet. No hired hands compare with those you own yourself. They come to your assistance bravely at the dinner table in a way that suits you and astonishes the landlady. You sigh for another pair. Hands are good to try and keep the flies off of you in the summer, or to throw at musquitoes. They are good things to hold on to a ten dollar bill with—when an account is presented. They are splendid to lend to a neighbor who is down and in distress—if you are so inclined. They are excellent things on which to display gloves or diamonds; but they are the meanest things in the world for a bashful man to take along with him when he goes to call on his girl.

I am the most sensitive man in the census of 1890 when in the presence of femininity, and I cannot see why I am not able to leave my hands at home on such occasions. I seem to go all to hands, and they get exceedingly numerous. I can't get away from them, and they do not pay the least attention to me. I wear myself out in trying to manage them, without success. I regret that I cannot bring someone along to take care of these hands for me. They are constantly in my mind, if they are big. I envy the armless man when he goes out into society, and wish I had a straight jacket on. If I stuff these unruly members into my pockets out of the way they won't stay there a minute but come jumping out to see what is going on, and then they fly around spasmodically and break the thread of my discourse as soon as I began weaving it with my mouth. How I long then for somebody to unhand me, villain, or for a robber to drop in and make me throw up my hands; how gladly I would do it. In fact they make me feel like I was all hands and the cook

I do everything to get both hands and arms asleep, but no kind of nursing or persuasion can accomplish it, and I grieve that I cannot chloroform them. I try to rock them to sleep, mother, but they won't have it.

Hang 'em! They won't hang over the back of a chair for a minute. I am at a loss to know what to do with myself just because I do not know what to do with my hands. If I lay them on the arms of the chair they flop around and fall off and then I have got to stop conversation and go after them, and that knocks me off my subject and makes my girl smile.

They have no earthly business in company because they are always in the way; they are continually wanting to see if my necktie is alright, if my hair is parted correctly, or want to see if the handles of the chair are perfectly smooth. In truth, these hands keep into prominence and I have to stay behind.

I do not know how to get rid of them. I have long been shrinking from offering one of them to my girl, but I think I can soon have nerve enough to offer both of them to her and so get rid of them. It strikes me that I am entirely too handsome. If I was short a pair or two I would be more comfortable.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Shortest Sermon on Record.

"It was the shortest and most effective sermon I ever witnessed—didn't hear it."

The gentleman who gave voice to the above remark stood chatting with a number of friends last evening in the foyer of Hooley's Theater awaiting the close of the last act of The Charity Ball.

"Let us have it," said one of the listeners. "Anything in the shape of a sermon which could interest you must indeed be one of paramount importance."

"Oh, it won't take long to tell it. There was not a word said in the sermon—just a motion, that's all. Boy made the motion—was the preacher.

"Well, tell us about it, why don't you?"

"While waiting for a grip car on the corner of Ashland avenue and Madison street this evening," he began, "I noticed a number of little chaps hopping on and off the car when ever the conductor's back was turned. It looked like dangerous play, and I felt like catching one of the little imps giving him a good old-fashioned spanking. Beside myself there was a gray-haired, kindly faced old gentleman who looked on the antics of the boys rather sadly.

"Suddenly the old gentleman in a shrill voice cried out to the youngsters—'Boys, boys, don't jump on these cars. Some of you will surely get hurt.' But of course the rascals paid no attention to him; in fact they laughed as they continued their sport at every opportunity. I had missed several cast-bound grips, so interested was I in what was going on.

"Again the old gentleman called to the lads: 'Boys, come here a moment and let me tell you how foolish you are and what danger you are placing yourselves in by leaping on and off those cars.' The boys shambled up to the curb-stone near the walk where the old man was standing and prepared to listen to what he might have to say.

"'Did you ever hear your papas read of the many accidents which happen to little fellows like you, while playing about morning cars? Did you ever see any person who had been hurt by his carelessness on a grip train?'

"There was no answer, except that the young rogues looked at each other and sort of grinned, and wondered why the old gentleman took such an interest in them and their sports. And evidently grandfather read their thoughts, for he hastily added: 'I have a little grandson who played about these cars, though forbidden to do so by the conductors as well as his parents. He does not do so now, does Frankie?' asked the old man, as he turned to a sandy haired, blue-eyed little fellow who stood beside him.

"'No, grandfather,' answered the boy.

"And will you tell those foolish little fellows why he does not?'

"Now, here's the sermon," said the man in the foyer. "The boy made no answer; he just shoved out the stump of what had once been his right leg and burst into tears. That was all. The kind old grandpa kissed his pretty but crippled grandson, and with his hand on his shoulder the two slowly walked up the avenue.

"Well, sir, those little rats stood stock still for a moment or so and gazed with wide eyes at the crippled boy as he moved away. Then with very earnest faces they quietly turned corners and went their various ways to their home, as thoughtfully as though they were going to their own funerals. That's the sermon—the most effective and impressive that I ever witnessed, for there was nothing to hear about it."—*Chicago Mail.*

Speed the Parting Guest.

Landlord—Better stay, Mr. Quibbs. All the big bugs will be here next month.

Resorter—There's a good many here now. That's why I thought I'd go.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The New Order of Things.

Elvira—Papa, Mr. Havmuch has asked me to marry him.

Papa—And, my child, do you think you love him?

Elvira (astonished)—Love him, Papa! Why he's worth ten thousand a year.

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

VIOLET MAKES AN ENGAGEMENT.

Violet was deeply touched by the sad account to which she had listened. It seemed very hard that this poor child, who lived amid all this luxury, and who was surrounded with everything to make life delightful, should be so deprived of the enjoyment of it, and the young girl's heart warmed toward the unfortunate little heiress; her eyes grew moist and tender with pity; her face shone with a sincere sympathy, and the anxious father, as he watched her, felt an increasing desire to secure her services for his afflicted daughter.

"I fear that I am too young and inexperienced to assume such a responsibility," Violet began at length. "Truth compels me to tell you frankly that I have never taught, and that only recent reverses have driven me to the necessity of earning my own living. Do you think that Miss Bertha's mother would approve——"

She checked herself suddenly, for the expression of pain which swept over her companion's face warned her that she had touched upon a tender subject.

"I should have told you, to begin with, Miss Huntington, that Bertha has no mother—she died at the time of Bertha's birth, and my poor little girl has had to grow up without a mother's love or care," Mr. Lawrence replied, with evident emotion. "As far as your youthfulness is concerned," he resumed, after a moment of thought, "I am inclined to think that it is in your favor, and that you will succeed better with Bertha on that account. I am afraid that I have made a mistake heretofore in employing companions who were too mature to sympathize with her in her childish tastes and desires, as a younger person would perhaps have done. If you should decide in favor of the position, you would of course reside here with us, and your time would be chiefly occupied with Bertha, for she needs constant care. I would like her to have regular lessons—by that I mean you would have to read aloud what she was to learn, and talk it over with her until it became fixed in her memory. Then—your advertisement stated that you desired pupils in French; do you speak the language readily?"

"Yes, sir; I have studied years under a native teacher, while, during most of the past year I was abroad, the last four months I spent in Paris and devoted exclusively to perfecting myself in music and French."

"I am gratified to learn that," Mr. Lawrence said, "because I wish Bertha to be able to speak French as readily as she can English, as I intend to take her abroad at no distant day—to Paris—to see if something more cannot be done to improve her sight. As for music, you will have no difficulty in teaching her that, for the child is passionately fond of it, and is never so happy as when she is at the piano or organ. You perceive that you would have to be both teacher and companion—I hope I do not frighten you with all these requirements, Miss Huntington," the gentleman interposed, smiling, "but I wish you to fully understand, at the outset, what your duties will be. Do you object to giving up your leisure evenings a number of months and taking one instead?"

"Oh, no," Violet answered, thoughtfully; "I think, on the whole, that I should prefer to do so, if I were sure of my competency for the position. It appears a great responsibility to have the care and training of a motherless girl like Miss Bertha."

"Are you fond of children?" Mr. Lawrence inquired.

Violet's face lighted, as she replied:

"Yes, indeed, although I have been very little with them during my life; while my heart goes forth with a strange yearning toward your little daughter, and I believe I would really like to devote myself to her—at least, make the trial—and see if I cannot make the time pass agreeably and profitably to her."

Mr. Lawrence was very much gratified at this response. He saw that Violet was sincere in what she said, while her apparent sympathy for his afflicted child touched him deeply.

"I am very much pleased to hear you say that," he remarked, with a genial smile, and Violet was greatly surprised that he did not ask for references regarding either her character or qualifications. "Now, we would you like to see Bertha?" he asked. "I suppose we shall be obliged to secure her sanction to this arrangement, for, to be perfectly frank with you, her intuitions are very keen; she is a child of strong likes and dislikes, and unless she is favorably impressed with a person, it is almost impossible for that one to influence her."

Violet's heart sank at this, for if her future was to be governed by the capricious fancies of a willful child, she feared that a very trying experience lay before her.

Nevertheless, she signified her desire to see this young autocrat, who apparently exercised such supreme control in that household. Rising, she followed Mr. Lawrence from the room, up a wide, richly carpeted stairway, to a large, sunny apartment, which overlooked the busy street.

It was a very pleasant room, and furnished with every luxury and delicate taste, save that the most exacting nature could desire.

In a large, richly upholstered chair, by one of the windows, sat a very pretty girl of about twelve years. She had a clear, beautiful, complexion, with brown hair, rather massive features for one so young, but upon which there were plainly written great strength of will and decision of character; yet there was a sweet expression about her mouth which bespoke a loving nature and a tender heart beneath.

Her eyes were blue, but it was evident that they were very defective in sight, though they were partially concealed by the glasses which she wore.

She was amusing herself with some gayly dressed dolls that lay upon another chair in front of her, while a maid sat near by, engaged in dressing another.

The child looked up eagerly as the door opened, for she had recognized her father's step; her lips wreathed with fond smiles, which plainly indicated that she was devotedly attached to him.

"Why, papa!" she exclaimed, in a tone of surprise; "I didn't know that you were at home. Did you bring me some candy? Who is that with you?" she added, quickly, as she caught the sound of Violet's light steps.

"I have brought you something far better than candy," her father replied, with a tender note in his voice: "I have invited a young lady to come up to see you. Miss Huntington this is my little daughter, Bertha."

"Come here, Miss Huntington!" the child said, imperatively, and Violet went at once to her side, greeting her in a kind and gentle way.

"You are very good to come to see me," the child said, more courteously than she had previously spoken, for Violet's sweet tones had attracted her. "I like your voice. Put your face down and let me see it."

Violet knelt beside her chair, thus bringing her face on a level with Bertha's.

The young girl strained her gaze to get a view of it; but this not proving satisfactory, she passed her fingers lightly over Violet's delicate features, their touch lingering longest upon her sweet lips.

"You are lovely," she said, naively, after the examination. "Are you one of papa's especial friends?"

Violet smiled, and a dash of exquisite color shot into her cheeks at the form of the question.

"No, dear; I am simply here to ascertain if I will be a suitable governess and companion for you," she answered, thinking it best to come to the point at once.

"Oh!" and Miss Bertha's tone changed instantly. Evidently the subject of a governess was not an acceptable one to her. "I hate governesses; they are stiff and proper. Do you get cross and ill-natured when little girls don't meet you, Miss Huntington?"

Violet laughed out in her musical, merry way at this personal question.

"Because if you do," the child went on gravely, "I don't want you. All my governesses have been cross and wouldn't let me do as I want to. What a nice smile you have!" she ranted on, her small fingers lingering caressingly about Violet's mouth, "and you laugh out so prettily I like to hear it. You are pretty and—and sweet, aren't you?"

"Perhaps it would be just as well, dear, not to discuss those points at present," Violet returned, with some embarrassment, for Mr. Lawrence's smiling eyes told her that he fully concurred in his daughter's admiring remarks; "but I hope I could never be cross or ill-natured toward any little girl," and the sudden tenderness that leaped into her tone seemed to add, as plainly as words could have done, "who could not see."

"I reckon you are nice," said Bertha, reflectively. "Do you like dolls?" she asked, as she laid her hand upon the group in her lap.

"Yes, indeed," and Violet laughed and flushed consciously. "Do you know," she added, confidentially, "after I became so old that I was ashamed to be seen playing with them, I used to beg to be allowed to dress them for fairs and for the children of my friends! Of course under those circumstances I could not be accused of fully loving them, and yet, between you and me, I had a very nice time with them."

Thus thereupon began making some inquiries regarding the doll family before her, and quite an entertaining conversation was kept up for several minutes, greatly to the amusement of Mr. Lawrence and the maid, who had never before seen a would-be governess put herself so *en rapport* with her prospective pupil. They had always seemed to think they must be "stiff" and "proper" as Bertha had said.

"Do you play the organ and piano, and can you sing?" Bertha inquired, eagerly, after the subject of dolls had been exhausted.

"Yes; would you like me to play you something?" Violet asked, as she began to draw off her gloves.

"Yes, yes!" cried the child, an earnest look of expectation and pleasure flashing into her face.

Violet went directly to a fine Steinway piano that was in the room, and without the slightest consciousness or embarrassment, thinking only of contributing to the young girl's enjoyment, played a couple of selections with great expression and sweetness.

"Now sing," commanded Miss Bertha, upon the conclusion of the second piece; and Violet sang a lovely little ballad in her clear, pure, cultivated tones.

There was not a sound in the room until the last note died away; then Bertha exclaimed, in a voice that thrilled with feeling:

"Oh, that was beautiful!"

Violet glanced at her and saw that great tears were welling down her cheeks, and she told herself that there must be much of good in a nature that could be so affected by music.

She could easily perceive that she had a strong will and was of a somewhat arbitrary temperament; but she believed that she had been antagonized and confirmed in these faults by unwise government.

She went again to her side, saying, in a tender tone:

"Dear are fond of music, aren't you, dear?" and as she spoke she gently wiped her tears away with her own dainty handkerchief.

The child, moved by some sudden impulse, caught her hand and kissed it passionately.

"I like you, Miss Huntington, and you shall stay with me!" she cried.

"Bertha," interposed her father, reprovingly, "you should not speak in such a way, and that is a matter which Miss Huntington will have to decide for herself."

"Will you stay?" urged Bertha, appealingly, and still clinging to the hand she had kissed.

"Yes, dear, if you think that you could be happy with me," Violet answered, and Bertha asserted confidently that she could—that she should be unhappy without her, while she promised that she would "be good" and attentive to her lessons; that she would even "try real hard" to learn the multiplication table, which had hitherto been a sharp thorn in the flesh, and a bone of contention between herself and her former governesses.

Mr. Lawrence was very much pleased to observe how readily Violet appeared to acquire an influence over the willful, headstrong girl, who had in every previous instance rebelled against the engagement of a governess, and he felt that he would be very fortunate in securing her services.

"I am exceedingly gratified that you are willing to undertake the charge," he said, gratefully.

"I almost wonder at your willingness to trust her to me," Violet answered, smiling, yet her lips quivered slightly, for it seemed like a very sacred charge to her.

"On account of youth and inexperience, I suppose," he returned; then added, reassuringly, "But, as I said before, I believe that will be in your favor, although I warn you that you will have to exercise firmness and judgment at all times. But when can you come to us, Miss Huntington?"

"Whenever you wish," she replied.

"At once?—to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir; I have but to give up my lodgings and have my trunk removed."

"That will be perfectly delightful, papa," Bertha exclaimed, eagerly, "and you will sing and play to me; you will amuse me every day, will you not, Miss Huntington?"

"Yes, to a reasonable extent; but, in return, you will try faithfully to learn all that I wish to teach you?" stipulated Violet.

"Yes, I will try," the child said, earnestly, as she again pressed her lips to Violet's hand.

"Now, my pet, you will have to excuse us," said Mr. Lawrence, rising, "I have a few more arrangements to make with Miss Huntington, and we must not detain her longer."

"Oh, papa, I did not need to go at all," Bertha said wistfully.

"Perhaps you will be wishing to send me away before a great while," Violet remarked, with a quiet laugh.

"No, indeed; I am sure I shall never want to give you up," persisted the child, confidently.

Violet bent to kiss the sweet face upraised to hers, and then followed Mr. Lawrence from the room, having first promised to "come early to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

Where Ingenuity Shows Itself.

Observe a young father trying to appease a bawling baby and you will witness ingenuity enough in ten minutes to make you think that the man ought to have been an inventor.

Rather Risky.

A very ugly woman, confessing her sins to a priest, asked: "Father, is it a sin if I rejoice when a man says I am handsome?"

"No, my daughter, but I shudder to think of the fate of the man who told you that you were handsome."—*Texas Siftings.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

CORNFLOWER, St. Thomas.—Generosity, decision, sincerity and pluck.

MOSS.—Writing shows an ostentatious nature, ambition and much firmness.

STANLEY.—Your penmanship betrays considerable carelessness, self-will, romance of feeling and a jovial disposition.

SCRIBBLER, St. Catharines.—You are in all likelihood very impulsive, a veritable chatterbox, hasty, careless, tender and sincere.

MARY JANE AND PICOLA.—Your writing shows a mirthful disposition, excessive self-will, vanity, ambition, vivacity and perseverance.

TERLA, Toronto.—You are probably quick to decide, brisk in movement and hasty in temper, with good judgment and a generous nature.

TIRE, Toronto.—Your writing exhibits caution and precision, with much tenderness beneath a reserved exterior. You are ambitious and have good executive ability.

ENGLISH.—The distance from Buffalo to Toronto is 108 miles. Your writing shows a decisive and energetic nature, delicacy of feeling, some selfishness and vanity.

BUDA.—You are likely to be impulsive and sincere, but perhaps only comparatively enduring. Your writing reveals some so-finness but good intuition and nice judgment.

PRINCESS, Niagara.—You are generally very careless, somewhat abrupt in manner and speech, thoughtless, a little selfish and fond of making wonderful speculations and plans.

JANE.—Your request for delineation was made according to all the recognized rules. You did not break one of them. The writing shows sincerity, a sympathetic nature, an inquiring disposition and much firmness.

DARKY.—Read the older works of fiction, carefully, with some poetry and some well-written essays. Try Dream Life, by Ik Marvel, for an example of daintiness of thought.

2. Wilfulness, decision, extreme joviality and a hopeful disposition.

W. M. T., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Your writing reveals much earnestness, a thoughtful and sober disposition, an abundance of firmness, ambition and self-esteem. The enclosed shows grace of manner and speech, frankness, nice sense of justice and courage.

ZONDARLA.—The eyebrows show hasty temper, the eyes an easy-going disposition, some carelessness, but extreme tenderness. The nose indicates much mirth and sense; the mouth impatience and self-will. The writing agrees with the photograph delineation. Have returned it as you wished.

TYNN.—You ask me what books you should read, and I can only advise you generally, for I cannot tell what your particular tastes are. Read Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Ruskin, R. L. Stevenson, Shakespeare and Oliver Wendell Holmes, and of the poets and new works of fiction for spice and variety.

BROWNIE, Cap a l'Aigle, Que.—Your writing shows excellent love of order, good executive, justice, judgment and determination, with cheerful disposition. The enclosed indicates a habit of looking rather too seriously upon life, extreme conscientiousness, prudence and some selfishness with good self reliance.

SECRE MURPHY.—No girl with any sense of delicacy or womanliness would show a man that she loved him unless she knew she had his love, but men are very apt to charge any exhibition of the purest friendliness into an indication of love. Writing shows originality, firmness and prudence, good judgment and sincerity.

C. L. J., Winnipeg.—No, the horse-chestnut's native home is farther south. 2. I would not advise lace at all. Trim it with pretty pink half-inch ribbon and finish the neck with a bit of ostrich feather trimmed in style or white to match your tan. 3. Wr ting shows attention to details, curiosity, sincerity and a cordial manner.

SWEET BITTERS.—It is too bad that you have seen in such trouble over my reply. 1. The face, while that of a good-natured and rather kindly man, did not display any very marked characteristic. 2. It would be impossible for me to remember your first letter. 3. I shall be glad to answer any queries which you may make if they are sensible ones. 4. The line indicates ill-temper.

CATHERINE COLE.—The photograph shows a deliberate mind, cautious and reserve. The mouth indicates delicacy of feeling and sensitiveness, the ears generosity, chin decision, the eyes are restless in expression and seem at war with the rest of the face. I should think the person very dissatisfied though trying earnestly to make the best of things and exerting all his will-power to do it.

CYNTHIA.—The moon, or Diana, is often called Cynthia, while Spenser calls Queen Elizabeth Cynthia in one of his poems. Your writing indicates considerable conceit of the happy-go-lucky type. It shows self-reliance when necessity demands, and I think you would be brave in face of sudden danger or trial; but your nature is an indolent one. Tenderness is strongly marked, as is sympathy and generosity.

HAZEL J. L. S., Lindsay.—The saying "A Roland for an Oliver," meaning tit for tat, has a curious history. There were two of Charlemagne's counsellors who were equal alike in strength and exploits, that people spoke of them as well mated for disputes. The expression is quoted by Knight in The Peasant Thieves. Your writing shows a cordial and generous disposition, some carelessness, a little flippancy but good judgment.

POT-POURRI.—Crooked Elm is vanished, entirely I am afraid. I can not find his name in any catalogue which can be found. Yes, book borrowers are a nuisance, without a doubt, and yet we all do it more or less. It pays, though, to buy one's own books, for what is worth reading is, as a rule, worth having. Your writing displays generosity and loquacity, a rather ostentatious nature, some vanity and sincerity in friendship.

MARGUERITE ELEANOR.—As you have stated the case I am of the opinion that you may continue a friendship conducted upon such agreeable basis. Women and men may be friends, and I do not in the least doubt your assertion that if in time you should change your opinion and I should learn of it I should not be surprised. You are right about the gossips, they will have their way and, though we scorn them, we are still too often weak enough to allow them to influence us in even the weighty things of life. Time shows its erve, prudence, self reliance, self-will, sensitiveness and almost j y.

ERINE.—The populations of the cities are as follows: Quebec in '71, 59,699, with 17 churches; '81, 71,359, with 127 churches. Toronto in '71 56,092, with 12 churches; in '81, 56,415, and in '80 had 87 churches; in 9, the population is about 200,000, with 150 churches. Montreal in '70 had a population of 1 170 000 with 54 churches; in '81, 186,772, with 66 churches. For Montreal and Quebec I cannot give the last date, and hope these will be sufficient for your purpose. 2. Parkman's works will help you, I think. 3. Writing shows self-will, earnestness, some pride, and considerable ambition. Certainly you may write again.

PHILIPPA, Orillia.—I am surprised that any one should ask if it is injurious to chew gum. Setting aside the possible injury to health—and I read an ably written condemnation of the practice not long since—the ridiculous ness and vulgarity of it, should serve to banish it from among refined people. 2. To make some people "fat and strong" would require a special dispensation of Providence. Some many are not constitutionally fat. If you eat wholesome food, exercise and bathe with regard to health, and keep your mind free from injurious thoughts and carking care, you will be as "fat and strong" as your inherited tendencies will allow. Your writing does not differ in salient points from that of Mildred.

CAUTION.—To tell you the truth, I am afraid to recommend anything for the superfluous hair. The best plan is to go to a physician in whom you have confidence and ask his advice. For the blackheads wash the parts affected with hot water and warm water, and press out the scum with an old-fashioned watch-key. After this dabble the reddened surface with vaseline, and in the morning you will find your face much improved. The ointment will not injure the eyes, and is highly recommended for increasing the growth of hair. Ask the chemist who prepares it if it will be harmless, in case he should be careless about the proportions. Long eyelashes are always considered beautiful. Your writing indicates genuinity, courage and discretion.

PHOLLIE, from "Anywhere."—You are very wrong in thinking, my little friend, Sweet Sixteen, that you must remember that if you are so narrow-minded as to be unable to see merits in those who may not look as you do, your search after good and truth has not been long. Why, there are country people whose goodness of heart and kindness of mind are loved anywhere. Hearts are more noble and nature's gentlemen more numerous in the out-of-town life, for city life with rush and struggle means too often a deadening of the gentler feelings. Do not judge people hastily, for in different places knowledge is conveyed through different channels, and your sympathy with regard to the things out of your life may be more pronounced and more inspiring than the absence of culture which you so deplore. I shall be glad to hear from you again, for I may perhaps have misunderstood you, and if so have wronged you in thought. 2. Your writing shows vanity, cordiality, carelessness, generosity and mirth.

The Bridge Mystery.

The story of the man who stood on London bridge and offered gold sovereigns for sale at 5s. apiece is well-known, but it points a moral, to wit: That there are lots of good things to be had by keeping one's eyes open. All the best doctors in the Dominion agree that the new undervests for ladies and children, just introduced as the Health Brand, are about the best thing they have ever seen, being both luxurious to wear and making it almost impossible to take cold. When you go down town step into W. A. Murray & Co's and ask them to show you this article, and you will see at once that you can go out in any wind or weather with perfect safety if you wear them.

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Native (on South coast of Africa, to ship wrecked sailor): Say, are you McGinty?—*Life.*

Corrected Vision.

A worthy professor was invited to dine at the house of a lady of rank. The day was hot, the wine cool, the professor's thirst great, and the fair neighbor, with whom the professor was engaged in a lively conversation, filled his glass as often as it was emptied. When the company rose from the table the professor noticed, to his great consternation, that he was unsteady on his feet.

In his anxiety to save appearances, he repaired to the drawing-room, where the lady of the house, who a couple of months previously had given birth to twins, yielded to the wishes of her lady friends, and called the nurse to bring in the babies. The pair were lying together on a pillow, and the nurse presented them for inspection to the person nearest the door, who happened to be our professor. The latter gazed intently at them for a while, and then said, somewhat huskily:

"Really, what a bonny little child!"

A Bit of Advice.

Girls, be very shy about marrying a man who can suppress a full grown sneeze in church. It indicates a bull-headed amount of will-power which will interfere with your happiness some day.

Ye Daintye Ladyes Please Take Notice

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Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion. Scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c.

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"The constituents of the Recamier Cream are well known remedial agents, and their properties are fully described and authorized in the American and French Pharmacopœias. They are combined in a way which, while novel, is chemically correct, the resulting preparations being perfectly safe and beneficial for the uses specified. In the proper sense of the word, Recamier Cream is not a cosmetic, but a remedial agent for the skin."

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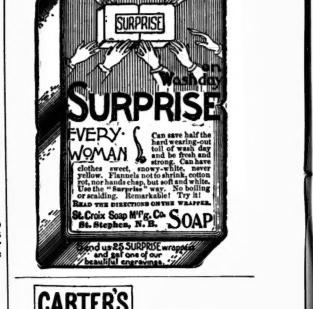

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

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Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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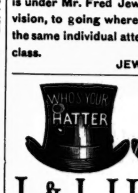

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BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

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PART III.—CHAPTER I.

A TANGLED SKEIN.

This was a very trying time to Standish. He had an uneasy sense of being surrounded and played upon by forces he did not understand and could not control.

Unless Callander was absolutely insane, there must be some color of reason under his sudden and extraordinary enmity against himself, and, seek as he might in all the holes and corners of his memory, Standish could not find the faint shadow of a cause, even for fancied offence. Then, although not a little ashamed of giving heed to the whims of a young creature like Dorothy, he could not quite steel his mind against the effect of her profound dislike and distrust. Egerton, what could have caused it! It was provoking of her not to confess all her reasons, if she had any, to him.

Finally, that somewhat tricky fellow, Dillon, was playing "fast and loose" with him in an audacious manner.

At any rate, he would bring him to book at once.

It was well, perhaps, that Standish was greatly occupied at the time, as, in addition to his work as precis writer to Lord B——, he had been promoted, which threw more upon his hands than he had had to do before.

This did not allow too much time for brooding over unsatisfactory puzzles, which seemed to grow more involved the longer he looked at them.

A line to Dillon brought that wily personage to Paul's lodgings in St. James' place one evening, soon after the conversation last recorded.

Standish had returned from dining at his club in as bad a temper as his strong self-control would allow to take possession of him. He had an irritating notion that Dillon was the worst man he could have employed, that he had no taken any interest in the case, and had let any thread which might have led to detection slip through his fingers.

He had hardly taken off his coat and begun to look at an evening paper when Dillon was ushered in.

"Well," began Standish, rather impatiently, "I suppose that, as usual, you have no news for me?"

"No, sir—not yet," returned Dillon, giving him a quick, searching glance.

"Come now—do you think there is any use in going on with the game? It has cost a good deal, and I see no chance of any result."

"Don't you, sir?"

"No—do you?"

"Yes! If I didn't do you think I'd go on taking your money, or Colonel Callander's money? That's not my usual course—no play, no pay, is my maxim."

"Then have you any traces?"

"Traces! Ay, the scent is breast-high. Even if Mr. Egerton had not gone to Spain."

"Then you think he'll catch the fellow!" interrupted Standish, eagerly.

"Well, he may find the man he is gone in search of, or he may not. We see the threads in my hand. When I get just the one link that's wanting I'll lay the whole evidence before you, Mr. Standish; but until I have it not one word will I speak."

"You are a curious fellow," returned Standish, looking hard at him, and thinking over a shrewd yet low type of face he had. "If you can do this, I'll believe you are the cunning dog you are reported to be.

"Ay, I'll have the big reward yet, sir, and it won't be too big."

"Tell me; have you tracked this scoundrel, Pedro, through his wanderings?"

"Yes, I have tracked the murderer and I can put my fingers on him; but there is no use in doing that till my evidence is complete."

"Then why did you go Egerton undertake this wild goose chase to Spain?"

"Why shouldn't I?" with a sneering smile. "It's just my play for a rich, idle man like him. What he'd find out is neither here nor there. He'll not find Pedro, and he knows it."

"Knows it?" echoed Standish. "What do you mean?"

"That Mr. Egerton was glad to get away from the talk and the bother of this wretched business, just to be quit of it all, and so he has shown you a clean pair of heels."

"I think you wrong him. No one could have shown more feeling and deeper interest than he has."

"Oh, I'll go bail; he is interested enough. Isn't he going to give a thousand himself when we catch the murderer! Maybe it's a trifle more he'll be adding."

"By Heaven!" cried Standish, struck by the man's malignant smile. "You seem to suspect Egerton himself. What confounded rubbish you are talking!"

"Suspect! Suspect an elegant, high bred, honorable gentleman, too proud almost to speak to the mere commonalty! Oh, no; I'm not quite so foolish; but you see, sir, it's my duty to suspect every living man, woman, or child in or about the place on the night of the murder; and I have looked after every one of them.

"Myself included!" added Standish, with a slight derisive smile.

"You were in London," replied the detective coolly. "Of course you might have bribed the Spanish fellow, but things don't look like it. You don't suppose I'd ever find out much if I didn't think all men from the satisfied parson up to the most noble dukes and earls, from the ploughman to the archbishop, capable of murdering everyone belonging to them if they had a strong enough motive! The very man you'd never suspect is, nine times out of ten, the real criminal. Human nature is a queer thing!"

"What a ghastly doctrine!" said Standish, slowly pulling his mustache.

"It's that sir. But these kind of searches and speculations are uncommon interesting. I'll were to write down all I have seen and known, everyone would cry out: 'What lies he is telling!'"

"You ought to write your memoirs, Dillon. It would be a valuable volume. Bentley or Longman would give you a long price for it."

"They will have to give it to my executors, then, for whatever I have jotted down, it shan't see the light till I am under the sod."

"A prudent resolve no doubt. Well, then, Dillon, I am still to leave matters in your hands, unquestioned, until you are pleased to reveal all you know?"

"Just so, sir. It won't be long; but I cannot fix a time. I may get at what I want to know to-morrow or next day; I may not hit it off for three weeks or a month; I may sooner or later have the whole story clear."

"Do you expect us to be greatly surprised?"

"Well, I would rather not say, sir."

"Have you seen Colonel Callander since his return?"

"Yes; just once."

"He is terribly broken."

"Ay, that he is," and something like a gleam of compassion shot across his hard face. "He will never be the same man again."

"I fear not! He is thinking of going to Fordsea, I find."

"Is he?" with sharp, suddenly roused attention. "That's a trip won't do him much good. Do you know when he goes down?"

"I am not sure; he may take the whim any day."

Dillon thought for a moment in silence, and Standish said: "You did not think the evidence of that sailor, Ritson, of any consequence!"

"Not much," replied Dillon, rousing himself from his meditation. "He only told us what we knew before. We certainly got at the size and look of the man who laid the ladder across, but if it was the Spanish chap, why, you all say he was like Mr. Egerton in size and build."

"True!" and S andish did not speak again for a few seconds; then he exclaimed, "I have detained you long enough, and I ought to dress and go out."

"All right, Mr. Standish, it's me that is keeping you." He rose as he spoke from the chair where he had been sitting at what might be termed a civil distance from Standish. "By the bye," he resumed, pausing, "how is the young lady?"

"Which young lady?"

"The little brown-haired lady with the eyes that tell you everything without her opening her lips," he ended, with a low, peculiar laugh.

Standish frowned. "You mean Miss Wynn. Pray, is she among your suspected?"

"Not now. She is an uncommon shrewd young lady, she is," continued the detective. "Ah! she took it all desperate hard, and she doesn't like me a bit too well. She looks at me, half afraid, like a startled fawn. One might think she was frightened for what I might find out."

"That is an imaginative flight on your part, Mr. Dillon. I must wish you good evening."

"Good evening, sir. I'll let you know the minute I have anything clear and satisfactory to tell."

"Satisfactory," repeated Standish, when he was alone. "I wonder what he means by satisfactory. He is like a ghoul, revelling among the ghastly skeletons of his ungodly secrets! I wonder what he is at? It is absurd, but I am half inclined to believe the fright he attributes to Dorothy. But what can he find out, except the miserable scoundrel who cut off Mabel's fair fair for the sake of her few jewels."

Instead of dressing to go out, Standish donned a smoking jacket, and sat down to think.

His interview with Dillon had disturbed him out of all proportion to anything that had transpired during it, and at last, growing feverish, he turned from the subject by a strong effort of will and applied himself to write an abstract of some papers for his chief. It was a serious deprivation to him to be cut off from his almost daily visits to Prince's place. But so long as there was any risk of encountering Callander, he thought it right to abstain from going there. It was astonishing what a blank this created in his life. He had been quite comfortable and contented for years, and now a strange restlessness and dissatisfaction had fastened upon him. He must get rid of these morbid feelings. The painful death of his young ward had unhinged him. He must not yield to this sort of womanish weakness.

It was the day after this interview that Mrs. Callander honored her niece with a visit. Henrietta was dressed to go out when the dowager's carriage drove up. With a little grimace expressive of resignation she took off her fur-lined cloak and laid it over a chair as Mrs. Callander was announced, and that lady entered attired in the richest and blackest mourning that could be invented.

"My dear aunt! I am delighted to see you—so glad I had not gone out—do sit down by the fire."

"Not too near, thank you! I never have accustomed myself to indulgence! I intended to have called upon you sooner, Henrietta. I wished to see how you were placed. You are well aware I never approved of this school of yours of living by yourself with so insignificant a companion as Dorothy Wynn."

"Well, I don't see what else I could have done. Those poor children wanted a home—and——"

"You could have joined me with them," interrupted Mrs. Callander.

"And left poor Dorothy alone? No—that would never have done! You forget that Herbert wished her to be with them."

"Herbert's infatuation is something I cannot understand! He seems to think that mere girl more deserving consideration than his mother! Every one is thought of in preference to me!" and her voice rose to a shrill tone of distress.

"It is very curious," returned Henrietta, sympathetically, but not perceiving all her exclamation admitted.

"I suppose that is the reason my grandchildren are never sent to see me," continued the old lady, querulously.

"Poor old thing! how gray and miserable she looks! I thought her niece. "But they went to Somerset Square last week," she said aloud.

"Last week, Henrietta! Am I to be put off with a stale weekly visit? Do you think that my son's children are not always welcome to me, though their mother was the last person I should have wished him to marry?"

"Poor dear Mabel! Well, aunt, she will never offend you more."

"I know what you mean, Henrietta! that I was hard and unkind to her. But I was only just and honest. I am terribly shaken by her awful end, though I am sure if we could get at the truth, you would find it was greatly her own fault! Her careless, reckless way of leaving her jewels and valuables about for wandering vagabonds to see! In fact, she was not accustomed to such things, and did not know how to take care of them."

"How can you talk in that way, aunt? Hush! here is Dorothy."

Mrs. Callander drew herself up as Dorothy came in. Her pale face, sad earnest eyes, and slight fragile figure might have touched Mrs. Callander's not very impressionable heart, but for the idea of the preference shown by her son for his sister-in-law, this made her adamantine to Dorothy and almost to her favorite niece.

"How do you do, Mrs. Callander," said Dorothy, advancing to her, her eyes full of kindly feeling, for she deeply sympathized with the proud old woman in the mortification her son's avoidance must inflict.

"I am not quite well, I thank you. Indeed I doubt if I shall ever be myself again. Few mothers have been more sorely tried," and she pressed her black-bordered handkerchief to her eyes.

"I am so sorry," Dorothy was beginning, when Henrietta broke in. "My aunt is vexed because the children do not go often enough to see her."

"Oh, Mrs. Callander, they shall go as often as ever you like. I thought that might give you more trouble than pleasure or they should have gone every other day!"

"I see no reason for your concluding that I was indifferent to my son's children," testily. "Indeed the more proper and natural arrangement would be to have given the poor children into my care! You must feel yourself that you are too young."

"Ah! Mrs. Callander, I feel old enough for anything," exclaimed Dorothy, "and my dear aunt never would have chosen me before anyone else to take her place with her little ones, but I know that you have a claim too—only don't try to take them from me! They are all I have left," and her big eyes filled with tears.

"Take her place," repeated Mrs. Callander to herself. "Thank God that horrid, blasphemous, revolting, 'deceased wife's sister's bill,' will never pass, or Heaven only knows what would happen. She only said: "You are very good I am sure to admit I have any 'claim' as you call it, whatever!"

Dorothy sighed. She could not answer this cruelly disappointed, unjust, exacting woman sharply—she felt too much for her.

"I am sorry the children are out, but they shall go to you to-morrow. Would you like them before or after luncheon?"

"Send them before luncheon, and I will bring them back, or Miss Boothby will," returned the dowager, a little softened.

"Now, Henrietta, I must say you have a very indifferent house. The entrance is decidedly mean and the stair is dark."

"Well, aunt Callander, it costs quite enough, and you know I had to think of Herber.'s pocket as well as my own, still I flatter myself the drawing-room is pretty."

"It is full of twopenny-halfpenny decorations I grant; now you ought to have reception rooms furnished with far more costly and valuable ornaments, not frippery like this."

"Well, I don't like that style of funereal chamber. Dorothy and I have been miserable enough to value brightness even in such humble guise as a sixpenny fan or two."

Mrs. Callander elevated her chin contemptuously.

"I should like to see the children's apartments," she said haughtily.

"Oh, yes, Henrietta, will you take Mrs. Callander to the nursery!" said Dorothy, hesitating whether she should go or stay, and deciding that it would be more agreeable to the dowager if her niece only accompanied her.

She drew near the fire, and leaning her head against the mantelpiece, she thought how terrible it would be if Herbert were ever persuaded to give the children into Mrs. Callander's care. What would become of her! for to live with them in the dowager's house would be impossible. And she could not trust poor Herbert in his present condition. If he took such an amazing unaccountable dislike to Paul Standish, why, she herself might be the next object of his aversion. How uncertain her own future seemed! If—if only she could keep with the children, she might settle into resignation and content. As to Mrs. Callander, odious and disagreeable as she made herself, she could not help compassionating her, for it must be a great trial to see a son, a beloved son, turn from you with scarcely veiled coldness—nay, more, with positive repulsion. Surely she was punished for any unkindness she had shown Mabel!

"They are decidedly poky, stuffy rooms," observed Mrs. Callander, returning, followed by Henrietta. "Now in my house they might have a whole floor—light, airy, dry, suitable in every way. It is useless, however, to say anything. My son—ah, there he is!" Seizing a photograph which stood on Henrietta's work-table, she sat down and gazed at it for a moment, then she exclaimed in trembling tones: "Ah! it is too—too hard to think of the way he has treated me through all this time of his sorrow—as if I were unworthy to share it!" and threw the photograph from her, with difficulty restraining her tears.

"You ought to consider how changed he is," said Dorothy, softly. "I am sure that his late illness and overwhelming grief have changed him a great deal. He is not like himself. See how he has turned against Mr. Standish, who used to be such a favorite with him, and is always——"

"I do not consider that a mark of insanity," interrupted Mrs. Callander; "I never thought Mr. Standish a good companion nor fit influence for Herbert. He is a cold, selfish, atheistical worldling, ready to scoff at everyone and everything superior to himself, and always deplored his intimacy and familiarity in Herbert's house, a man of whose principles I am more than doubtful, and——"

"Mrs. Callander," said Dorothy, gravely, "you must not speak against my guardian before me! He is the best and only friend I have, and I cannot listen to anything said against him. He has been a father to Mabel and to me. A truer gentleman in every sense does not exist. I never could understand why you disliked him."

"Perhaps it is better, at your age, that you should not," returned Mrs. Callander, significantly.

Dorothy gazed at her, puzzled and amazed.

"Indeed, aunt, Paul Standish is a capital fellow. I think you are very unjust to him," cried Henrietta.

"I repeat, that my opinion is fixed and well-founded, but if neither of you are like-minded in opinion of it, I need not trespass any longer on you. Your obstinacy and incredulity passes the ordinary folly of young people."

"I should be sorry to fall in the respect due to you, Mrs. Callander," said Dorothy, firmly, though her heart beat fast, "but I never will listen to a word spoken against Mr. Standish."

"Your respect or disrespect is of small moment," returned the Dowager, rising. "Your insignificance is nothing to me, that I do not answer you." She rose, and, turning to her niece, said shortly: "I wish to see the children about eleven-o-morrow morning," and without further speech she left the room.

"What a cantankerous old soul she is, to be sure," cried Miss Oakeley, looking out of the window to see the Dowager's equipage drive off.

"Yes, but how ill and broken she looks!" said Dorothy. "Why does she despise me so much?"

"Oh, it is only her cross-grained way of talking; you should not mind her."

"I do not, indeed. My self-esteem is strong enough to withstands such attacks; but her dislike to Paul is quite inexplicable. What did she mean by saying I had better not understand?"

"Heaven knows! But, Dorothy, you are a loyal plucky little soul. I was delighted with you for standing up to her highness so gallantly in defence of Mr. Standish!" and Henrietta put her arm round Dorothy's neck.

"Yes, of course. What else could I do?"

Henrietta did not answer immediately; she began to play with the ends of her black sash, and removed her arm from Dorothy's neck. They were standing on the hearthrug, Dorothy having her back to the light. Henrietta seemed in deep thought, and was looking down, with a slight peculiar smile playing round her mouth. Something in her expression made Dorothy wonder what she was thinking of.

"Tell me," exclaimed Henrietta so suddenly that Dorothy started; "have you observed any change in Mr. Standish of late."

"A change! How do you mean?"

"I mean in his manner, his style, his looks generally."

"No, Henrietta; I do not think I have. Why?"

"Well I suppose you would be the last to perceive it, I suppose he seems very good to you; and always looking on him as a sort of father it would never occur to you that he could fall in love?"

"No; certainly it never did occur to me, but, of course, there is no reason why he should not."

"Exactly. Now who do you think he has fallen in love with?"

"How can I tell? I never see him in society."

"Why, Dorothy, what a little goose you are! I have seen for some time that he is rather smitten with myself! Now do you see?"

"Well, no, Henrietta, not exactly. To be sure I have not had such pleasant thoughts in my mind as love and lovers!"

"For some weeks," resumed Henrietta, "I have noticed a change in his way of speaking and looking, and—Sit down by me here on the sofa, and I will tell you everything. I have the greatest confidence in your good sense, young as you are, Dorothy. It was about a week ago, after Mr. Standish had tried to get an explanation from Herbert, and he was standing there with his elbow on the mantelpiece, looking glum and solemn (you were out shopping with nurse), so I said, 'What are you thinking of, Mr. Standish?' He turned to me with such a look: He hasn't what are called handsome eyes, but they can speak, and said he: 'You must know very well what I am thinking of, Miss Oakeley! How utterly miserable this whim of Callander's makes me! I had grown so used to come in here and feel at home, that I seem lost without this delightful asylum,'—or words to that effect. Then I began to understand other words and looks of his that had puzzled me a good deal. I only said that we missed him dreadfully, and that he ought not to mind Callander. At this he went on to talk of the influence I had over poor Herbert in a sort of half jealous strain. Wasn't that remarkable?"

"Yes, it is natural enough," said Dorothy, seeing she paused for a reply.

"You dear little soul! You think too much of me," kissing her. "Well, be that as it may, I have noticed many little things since then, quite convince me he is rapidly falling in love with me. It is a way men have. You would be surprised how many have proposed to me, or, let me see they would like to propose. Oh! I know how ill-natured people say it is because I have a tolerable fortune, but, candidly speaking, I really do not think it is. I am no beauty, I know that quite well, but I can't help feeling that there is a certain charm about me. Now, as for Paul Standish, I am sure he is perfectly disinterested, and after hesitating over endless suitors, I don't think I could do better than marry him. He is quite charming, and old Sir Mark Pounceford told me the other day that he is a very rising man. Now you can't do much or rise high without money, and my fortune will be of the greatest use to him. I should enjoy being an ambassadress one of these days; so you see, it would be a very suitable marriage."

"Yes," said Dorothy, rather mechanically, and remembering Paul's eulogium on her friend in their last confidential walk, she added: "I believe he does love you."

"Then even you see it!" cried Henrietta, joyfully. "I thought I knew the symptoms too well to be deceived. You! see, Dorothy, where a nice, kind, pleasant guardian (that's a good word) I will be to you. I daresay it seems very strange to you that I should take a fancy to Paul Standish, he must seem quite elderly to you; but I really have. You see he is very distinguished, and he seems so nice and devoted that I feel quite flustered when he comes into the room. Of course, I am much nearer his age than you are. I don't mind confessing to you that I am a little past thirty. Imagine! I was more than ten years old when you were born. Yes, indeed! Let me see, who was my governess, then? Oh, Mademoiselle Dufarge! She was rather nice. Oh, I have had such a string of governesses. I fancy I gave them all a great deal of trouble. One thing we are alike in, Dorothy. We never seem to feel it was to have a mother. We were just shunted about from one deputy parent to another—at least, I was."

"Oh! how delightful it must be to have a mother—even to remember a mother!" said Dorothy, in a low, dreamy tone. "I felt that whenever I saw dear, sweet Mabel with the babies. The very way she touched them and looked at them was so different from Mrs. McHugh and Peggy, kind and good as they are. Can I ever fill her place to her children?"

"To be sure you can! You are the tenderest-hearted girl I ever met, except, of course, poor Mr. Egerton," cried Henrietta lightly. "Never mind, dear, Paul Standish and I will find you an ideal husband, rich, and handsome, and debonnaire, and all that Dorothy's fancies ought to be. Now, I have stayed talking much too late. I promised the Blackburns to be with them about four. Good-bye for the present. Mind, all I have said is under the rose—oh! a dozen roses."

Dorothy remained sitting where Henrietta left her for some minutes, one arm outstretched and resting on the end of the sofa, the hand drooping, the other hand pressed against her cheek. For some minutes her thoughts were all in painful confusion. Gradually the full sense of all Henrietta had poured into her ears began to dawn. Yes, it was all quite true. They were well suited in age, position, circumstances. Henrietta's fortune would be a great help to Paul, and Paul was evidently fond of her. She had been much struck by the heartiness of his praise the last time they had spoken of her, and Henrietta was gay and generous, and kind. Oh! yes, but how—how would Paul bear her endless, thoughtless chatter about herself, her dresses, her dress, her careless, inconsequent flights from subject!—all this would distract him. Yet Henrietta must know well she was talking about. Oh! how could she talk so when everything was yet uncertain! If they married, how earnestly Dorothy hoped they would be happy. But for herself, what an end to her expectation! Her life, henceforth, she would be quite alone, a mere secondary object to everyone, even the children might be taken from her, and Paul, her ideal guardian, would no longer have the same thought or tenderness to bestow upon her. He would be kind and true always, but the full feast of his confidence, his care, his unstinted sympathy, could be hers no longer. She must accept as thankfully as she could what crumbs might fall from Henrietta's amply furnished table. She rose noiselessly, and creeping away to her own room, wept long and bitterly, till shame at her own prostration lent her strength to compose herself.

(To be Continued.)

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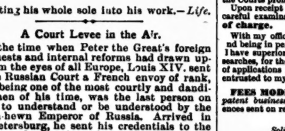

Putting his whole sole into his work.—*Life.*

A Court Levee in the Air.

At the time when Peter the Great's foreign conquests and internal reforms had drawn upon him the eyes of all Europe, Louis XIV. sent to the Russian Court a French envoy of rank, who, being one of the most courtly and dandified men of his time, was the last person on earth to understand or be understood by the rough Russian Emperor of Russia. Arrived in St. Petersburg, he sent his credentials to the palace, and was informed that the Czar would receive him at six o'clock the next morning.

The Frenchman at once saw in this dose as a joke; for, having formed his ideas of the Court upon the ceremonious *regime* of Versailles, he knew that no man of rank would have leaving its pillow at such an unearthly hour; and accordingly he presented himself at the palace in powdered wig and full Court dress. But instead of the Czar, he was met by a richly attired chamberlain, who told him, with a very grave face, that the Gosudar (Emperor) having waited till after the appointed time, had gone to the Admiralty dockyard, whither he begged his guest to follow.

Covered with shame and dismay, the poor Frenchman hurried thither, but could see nothing of the Czar till a shout from above made him look up, and there, sixty feet up in the air astride of the main-top-gallant yard of a half-built ship, at a huge, burly, bare-armed fellow, in a tattered red shirt and tarry sailcloth trousers, in whom he recognized, to his unspeakable horror, the Emperor himself!

"Hallo!" roared the Czar: "why didn't you come at six o'clock, as I told you? Do you want to speak to me?"

"If your Majesty is graciously pleased to permit," faltered the thunderstruck envoy.

"Come up here, then," shouted Peter, "and be quick about it!"

The wretched man's blood ran cold; but there was no help for it. Gingerly, as if touching red-hot iron, and trembling in every limb, he crawled up the swaying tarred riggings, which considerably soiled his lace ruffles and rich velvet suit, and shook under him at each step till he felt every moment on the point of falling down and being dashed to pieces. By the time he got within reach of the Czar, he was so faint and breathless that he would certainly have fallen off had not Peter clutched him and dragged him up bodily on to the yard beside himself.

Then the Czar began to talk politics and ship building both at once, and the poor envoy listened as best he could while clinging with the grasp of desperation to his narrow and slippery perch, which Peter, swinging his great limbs carelessly to and fro, rocked like a cradle at every movement.

At last the dreadful interview ended, and the courtier, to his indescribable relief, found himself on firm ground once more; but as he turned to depart, Peter said to his chamberlain:

"Let this be a lesson to you, sir, that I always mean what I say, and that when I make an appointment with any man I expect him to keep it."

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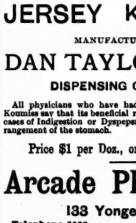

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Bridget—Plaze, mum, I did thry, but th' stove wint out.
Mistress—Try again, then.
Bridget—Yis, mum, but it's not come back yit. It wint out t'rough th' roof.

Time for All Things.

Miss Upton—Ma, Miss Flighty and Mr. Saphead are to be married to-day. Shall I take some rice along to throw after them?
Practical Mother—No, my dear. Wait until they have run through what little money they have and then give it to them.

Lets Him Down Easy.

The Visitor—But why become engaged if you never meant to marry him?
In the Hammock—Because he is so sensitive. You know it mortifies a man much more to be refused than to have an engagement broken.—*Life.*

LOST
All tenderness and soreness of the feet since we have been buying our
BOOTS AND SHOES
From that old reliable house of
H. & C. BLACHFORD
AMERICAN GOODS A SPECIALTY
87 and 89 King St. East, Toronto

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE LEATHER
Especially when worked into Boots and Shoes by our experienced staff of workmen. Our $3 Gent's Gaiter is one of our best lines of manufacture, and represents excellent value to the purchaser.
PICKLES, - 328 Yonge St.

Children's Tan Shoes
SPRING HEELS
AND
Summer Shoes
FOR EVERYBODY
IN
Black
and
Colored
Kid
WM. WEST & CO., 246 Yonge Street

The Home Savings & Loan Co. (Limited)
OFFICE No. 78 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.
Deposits received, small and large sums. Interest at highest current rates allowed.
HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager

DRESSMAKING PARLORS
Conducted by MISS PATON
Artistic and careful study is devoted to Evening Dresses and Bridal Trousseaux, also Traveling and Walking Costumes. Boating, Tennis and Holiday Suits, also Riding Habits, a specialty. Possessing favorable facilities for the prompt and speedy attention to Mourning orders, we have undoubted confidence of securing entire satisfaction.
ROOMS—R. WALKER & SONS

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
FALL EXCURSIONS
TICKETS WILL BE ISSUED TO
Kingston and return - - $4.00
Ottawa " - - 5.00
Montreal " - - 7.00
Quebec " - - 9.00
Dates going—August 29, 30, 31, Sept. 1. Good to return until September 15, 1890.
Excursionists to Montreal have privilege of taking boat from Toronto or Kingston, returning by rail at proportionately low rates.
For further particulars apply to any agent of the Company, or to
D. McNICOLL, Gen. Pass. Agent, Montreal.
W. R. CALLAWAY, Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto.

LOOK
FOR THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK
Something of special interest to those who appreciate
ART - IN - DRESS
TAYLOR & CO.
Art Tailors - - 89 Yonge St.

438 YONGE ST.
OPP. CARLTON STREET.
MISS HOLLAND
Would intimate to her customers and ladies generally that she has now a very large and choice stock of
French Patterns in Millinery
Together with novelties in
Flowers, Ribbons, &c.
Of which she would solicit inspection. Also very handsome Jackets and Small Dolmans.
Dressmaking Department under first-class management and most satisfactory results.

AND
- SPECTACLES -
Accurately fitted. First quality lenses. Opera and Field Glasses, Thermometers, &c.
J. FOSTER, 12 King Street West

Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Two.)

party in whose care she came. A few of the many present were: Mr. and Miss Moffatt of Buffalo, Miss Munro, Miss Shoemaker, Miss Florence Dickson, Miss B. Dickson, Mrs. Kallaly and Miss Clara Kallaly of Morrisburg, Miss M. Gale, Captain Howe of Fort Niagara, Mr. Frank Brown of Buffalo, Mr. Coulson of Toronto, Mr. Hugh Watt, Mrs. and Miss Elliott, Miss Macrae, Mr. Noxon, Miss Ilene Doyle, Miss Page of Fort Niagara, Mrs. and Miss Herchmer, Mr. Leslie Nelles, Mr. Steven Nelles, Miss Geddes and Mr. Forbes Geddes, the Misses Hayes, Miss Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Strathy, Mr. Stewart Morrison, Miss Amy Strathy, Miss M. Cameron, Mr. T. Chisholm, Miss Milloy, Mr. Bankier and Mr. Henry Ball. Among the pretty costumes were: Miss Dickson's cream and crimson china silk, Miss Page's cream cashmere, Miss Kilally's pale pink mull, Miss Marie Hayes' white china silk, Miss Gladys Hayes' blue and white India silk, Miss M. Cameron's black lace, Miss Moffatt's blue gauze, Miss Irene Doyle's black silk, Miss Strathy's black lace with salmon sash, Miss M. Gale's white lace over pink silk, Miss Shoemaker's pink gauze and satin, Miss Geddes' pink nun's veiling, Miss Macrae's black lace, Miss Cameron's pink nun's veiling and black lace, Miss Herchmer's cream muslin, Miss Milloy's black lace. Another very pretty costume was of white crepe, the wearer introducing the dainty silver slippers which have become so fashionable in London and Paris.

An event which aroused no little interest, and which was witnessed by a number flattering in the extreme to the contracting parties, who were both of very humble extraction, was the marriage at St. Mark's church last Saturday afternoon of two very elderly villagers, their united ages extending a little over one hundred and sixty years. The bridegroom, who has stepped into his eighty second year, was a very venerable looking old man, very much stooped and with a head of snowy white hair, but keenly alive to the importance of the occasion, and quite equal to the task of audibly directing the uncertain movements of his bride, who is over seventy-nine. To the ill-concealed amusement of those present the old lady, instead of responding to the usual interrogations of the officiating clergyman with the orthodox and necessary "I will," insisted each time upon a most unmistakable and emphatic "Yes, sir," which in spite of repeated directions and protests from the minister, was the unfailing and prompt response throughout the service which each question elicited. Weddings in Niagara are rare events, but ceremonies of this kind are still rarer and certainly unique.

The grand tournament of the Ontario Bowling Association took place at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Friday and Saturday of last week. Play was to have commenced on Thursday, but a heavy and steady downpour of rain prevented any attempt being made to proceed with the games. Friday, however, proved more favorable, and by ten o'clock the different rinks were making most active preparations for the exciting matches which followed, and which resulted in a grand victory for the Granite Club of Toronto. At the conclusion of the championship match the president, Mr. G. Biggar, presented the skip of the winning rink with the trophy which was theirs only after a close and most exciting contest, and to each member of the victorious rink was handed a very handsome gold medal. The second prize, a beautiful pair of silver mounted bowls, also fell to the share of the Granites, and was presented to the rink skipped by Mr. C. Dempsey, after which the consolation prizes, again won by the victorious Granite Club, were presented to the winning rink, skipped by Mr. W. Thornton. Very few of the fair sex were present to witness what turned out to be some of the grandest bowling ever yet seen at the matches here, but as the game is one few ladies understand, and consequently one they cannot take much interest in, and as the weather, though delightfully cool and favorable for the players, was anything but tempting for those who would have been obliged to sit quietly in the shade, it is scarcely surprising that the bowlers, who were a host in themselves, looked principally to each other for the applause and encouragement which was generously and heartily granted on both sides.

Mr. John Alma, who has watched Niagara grow from the little forlorn forsaken village of Newark to the gay, fashionable summer resort of Niagara-on-the-Lake; who knew it when numbers of swarthy, solemn-faced Indians were no uncommon sight upon the streets, and in the days when the bugle call and the gay uniforms of regulars in her Majesty's service were among the things the old town could boast of, celebrated his ninety-first birthday last Thursday. Although not as strong and active as he was a few years ago, Alma was able to be present at a small family dinner and to receive a number of the very many old friends who called during the morning and early afternoon to congratulate and offer him their sincere and hearty good wishes. Among those who called were His Worship the Mayor, and the Ven. Archdeacon McMurray, both of whom are among Mr. Alma's oldest and most esteemed friends.

A most delightful evening was given by Mrs. J. C. Garrett, at her residence on Main street, last Monday evening, it being the seventh anniversary of the birthday of her little daughter, Flora. A number of Chinese lanterns, hung in the hall and entrance, gave a very gay appearance to the scene, while the youthful hostess, looking very bashful and sedate, helped to receive and entertain about fifteen or twenty of her friends, who were invited to celebrate the important event. Among the little guests were Miss Gladys and Master Athel McNair, Miss Annie and Miss Lillian Anderson, Miss Mary Garrett, Miss Elsie and Miss Viola Geddes, Miss Amy Howland, Master Edgar Watt and his little sisters, Miss May Wilkinson, Miss Lucy Wilkinson and Master Willie Wilkinson, Miss Sara Lewis, Master Eddie Ker and Master Allan Anderson. Among the older guests whom Mrs. Garrett entertained were the Misses Strathy, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. John Lewis, Miss Rosamond Geddes, Mr. Forbes Geddes of Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall. A very pleasant evening was spent in games and dancing, supper being announced at the unusually early hour of ten, so that the little ones might indulge in the good things provided at the same time as the older ones. The guests departed about half-past ten or eleven, having enjoyed a most delightful evening.

Miss Macrae of Toronto has been spending a few days in town, the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. A. M. Macrae.

Rev. F. M. Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin of Aylmer are the guests of Mrs. Morgan Baldwin at Delatre Lodge. They will probably remain two or three weeks in town.

Mr. Forbes Geddes of Dundas is spending his holidays with relatives. He returns to business about the end of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bowes and family of Toronto arrived last Monday, and will spend the next few weeks at the Hotel Chautauqua.

Miss Emily Shanklin of Toronto is the guest of her aunt, Miss Beaven. Miss Florence Dickson of Galt and her sister, Miss Bessie Dickson, who is a pupil at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Montreal, have been spending a few days with the Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray at the Rectory. They left for Toronto Monday last.

Mr. Paul Knyvett of London, who has been spending his holidays at the Chautauqua, returned home this week.

Miss Gracie Bell is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. L. Anderson.

Miss Constance Hewgill, who has spent the last year or two in St. Louis, Mo., is at home again, but will return to St. Louis next month.

The engagement is announced of Miss Julia Watt and Mr. Watts Lansing, the wedding, which will be a very quiet one, to take place in the near future. GALATEA.

What's Prettier than a Woman's

Figure when she is beautifully shaped and wears clothes that fit her? The Undervests just introduced and registered under the name of the "Health Brand" improve the fit of a gown, and at the same time are luxurious and comfortable.

SIR JAMES GRANT, of Ottawa, says: "I feel sure you have accomplished a good work in the production of the Health Undervests, which cannot fail to meet the requirements of our people."

They can be bought at

W. A. MURRAY & CO.'S

PRICES TELL

Our offer of genuine 90c. Ten-Wire Tapestry Carpets for 60c, 65c. and 75c. per yard has been the means of bringing hundreds to our store. We bought these goods very cheap and are selling them at the very closest margin of profit for quick sale.

We are also clearing some very fine large size Table Covers at from $2 to $3 each. Some of the above are well worth $6 and $7 each.

Lace, Silk, Turcomans and Chenille Curtains are being sold in many cases below cost to clear. We cannot advertise prices on the above, as in some lines there are only one or two pairs left, and some of the goods are slightly soiled.

30 x 60 Smyrna Rugs Reduced to $3.50

CREDIT IF DESIRED

The C. F. Adams' Home-Furnishing House

177 Yonge Street, Four Doors North of Queen

OTTAWA.

The capital being supposed to be deserted at present, there is a comparative dearth of fashionable weddings, only two of any consequence being placed on record since last week's writing. One of the most interesting ceremonies was the union of Mr. L. J. Arthur Dube, of the Secretary of State's Department, to Miss Rose Alma Foley, whose parents reside in the city. The marriage took place at the Basilica, Father Campeau performing the ceremony. After an enjoyable dinner at the residence of the bride's father, the young couple left for Montreal on their honeymoon trip.

The other hymeneal event alluded to was the marriage of Mr. Fred Byshe, jr., of the Guards, who espoused Miss Macdonald of Bryson, Quebec. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. S. Deeprose at the McLeod street Methodist church. A large number of invited guests were present and the string band of the G. G. F. G. rendered the wedding march.

The life of a camper-out is not all *couleur de rose* as Mr. Henry James of the militia department is now forced to acknowledge. Mr. James, who is encamped with some dozen of others at Rockcliffe, on his return to his temporary domicile the other evening after visiting some of the other tents found that some enterprising marauder had made off with his fine nickel-plated gun and a pair of long rubber fishing boots.

Mr. W. D. Morris entertained some twenty members of the Primrose Snowshoe Club the other evening at his residence, "Rideau Crest." After an elegant repast, during which numerous toasts were drunk, an impromptu entertainment was given, in which Mrs. Reid, Miss Pearson and Messrs. Heinrich, Birtsh, Garrow, Warren and Reid took part.

The lawn social in aid of Erskine church given this week by Mrs. G. Mitchell of Elm street was a decided success. The Guards' band was in attendance and rendered a choice programme. Among those who took part in the entertainment were Messrs. Russell, Kerr, Rae, Laing, Smellie and McVeity.

The approach of another warm wave in conjunction with the exhibition at Lansdowne Park has caused a flutter among steam yacht owners, who are overhauling their craft, and when the fair is opened will cause the canal to become alive with their tiny steamers.

Sir Fred Middleton's household effects, robes, buffalo heads and curiosities are advertised to be sold next week. It will be a fine opportunity to secure "souvenirs" of the departed general.

Rev. Mr. Jennings, private chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich, has been in the city visiting Mr. Cross of Wilbrod street, and preached at St. Alban's church last Sunday. He will visit Niagara and Philadelphia before returning to England.

Mr. Charles G. Geddes of Montreal was in the city this week arranging for the Strauss band concert next month.

A party of Americans, among whom are Rev. Dr. Amens, Mr. L. Woods, LL.D., and Mr. W. J. LaRoche, have gone up the Rideau on Mr. J. C. Brennan's yacht.

Mr. E. B. Bronson's yacht, the Vesta, with a merry party on board, has left for the Rideau lakes and Thousand Island Park.

Mr. Fred Cooke, correspondent of the Toronto *Empire*, and family have gone on a trip to Chicoutimi.

Captain S. Maynard Rogers of the 43rd Battalion is at present at Old Orchard Beach.

Hon. C. H. Tupper will spend the next couple of weeks in Nova Scotia.

Mr. Henry Moore of the *Mark Lane Express* is in the city gathering information for a series of letters to the London *Times* on agriculture in Canada.

Mr. John Graham has returned from his private fishing grounds on the Blanche river. Judge Sypher and his son of Philadelphia, who accompanied Mr. Graham, report splendid sport.

Mr. Allan Gilmour, jr., and Mr. H. Pinard have returned from Lake Bernard, where they had excellent sport and secured some heavy fish.

This being the season of big fish stories, the tale told by Messrs. George Esdale and Charles Bosbridge about seeing a wolf within a few feet of their canoe, while paddling on the Ottawa, near Templeton, must be accepted with caution.

Comptroller Fred White of the Mounted Police has arrived home from the North-West.

Mr. Douglas Stewart of the department of justice is back from England.

Prof. Macoun of the geological survey has returned from British Columbia with a fine collection of birds, beasts and plants.

BARRIE.

A very pleasant impromptu dance was given on Wednesday of last week by Mrs. D. Holmes of the Maples for her niece, Miss Edith Brown of Port Perry, who has been her guest for a few weeks. There were about thirty young people present and all enjoyed dancing until the small hours when the guests rather reluctantly said adieu.

A charming little event took place on August 21, in the shape of a bush tea, which was held at a pretty little summer resort across the bay, the residence of Mr. Jeffry McCarthy. Quite a number were invited for six o'clock tea, and shortly before that hour many little craft, propelled by merry occupants, wended their way to avail themselves of Mrs. McCarthy's hospitality. Soon after arriving at the destination inviting refreshments were served in the grounds, and later on after the young people had strolled around and enjoyed themselves in picnic fashion a large camp fire was made on the shore. It was not until ten o'clock that preparations were made for the return trip, all having spent a most delightful time. Those present were: Capt. Whish, Miss Brydon, Miss Hewett, Mr. H. Morris, Mrs. King of Montreal, Miss Hornsby, Mr. E. and Miss Kortright, Miss Major, Mr. George Eaten, the Misses Mason, Mr. W. and Miss Campbell, Mr. C. Whish, the Misses Murphy, Mr. Ball of Guelph, Mr. T. R. and Miss K. Boys, Mr. H. Beard, Mrs. Hanbidge, Mr. J. Coffee, Miss Schreiber, Mr. A. Giles, Mr T. and Miss N. Baker, Mr. W. Cotter, Miss Morrison of Perth, Mr. E. and Miss Bird, Messrs. H and P. Kortright, Miss M. Lally, Miss Holmes, Mr. A. Dyment and others.

The return match between Orillia and Barrie was played at the Barrie tennis lawn, on Friday afternoon, August 22, when some very skilful play was made by members of both clubs. The result was eight to three in favor of Barrie. The lawn was in very good condition, and the weather, being all that could be desired, added very much to the enjoyment of those present. At six o'clock high tea was served at Rock Forest. Those noticed on the lawn, who were from Orillia, were Mrs. Bolster, Mrs. Eddis, Mrs. and Miss Ramsay, Rev. C. and Mrs. Scadding, Mrs. and Miss Tucker, Miss Donaldson, the Misses Bolster, the Misses Corbett, Miss McCosh and Miss Warren, the Misses Souter and the Misses Hughes of Toronto, Messrs. Scott, Bogert, Houston, Scadding, Fitton, Bolster of Orillia, and Messrs. Langtry and Houston of Toronto, Mrs. John Strathy, Mrs. O'Brien, Rev. W. and Miss Reiner, Mrs. L. L. Keating, Mrs. Radenhurst, Mrs. Way, Mrs. J. McCarthy, Miss Brydon, Mrs. King, Mrs. Barwick of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Staunton of Hamilton, Mrs. Hanbidge, Rev. J. Godden, Mr. H. H. Morris, Mr. Checkley, Major Rogers, the Misses Kortright, Major Mason, Schreiber, Campbell, Ardagh, Lally, Holmes, Morris, Hornsby, Boys, Baker, O'Brien and others.

A most successful and pleasant hop was given for the guests at Peninsular Park Hotel, Big Bay Point, Friday evening, August 22. Quite a number went from Barrie by the Steamer Kendrick, to participate in the pleasures of this dance. The floor set apart for dancing was in excellent condition, and the music very good. The Hall was tastefully decorated with golden rod and cedar. Tennis racquets and cricket bats were hung on the walls by loops of ribbon of æsthetic shades. Flags were prettily festooned in the corridor, and presented a very graceful appearance to those entering the hotel.

Last Saturday a number drove from Barrie to the residence of Mrs. O'Brien, Shanty Bay, to play tennis, and returned home by moonlight after spending a pleasant time.

Mr. R. C. Gillett has returned from England after paying a visit of three months' to his home.

Mr. G. Fraser is spending a holiday in Muskoka.

Miss T. Nicol of Cookstown spent a few days lately at Mrs. George J. Mason's.

Miss Helen Bird has returned from a trip to the Old Country.

Mrs. J. Henderson and family are home again after spending a few weeks at Peninsular Park Hotel. OCULAIRE.

During the Dry Season.

Fanny (after ringing the door-bell)—Just look at the dust on our shoes, Ethel. I hate to go into Mrs. McGuillicuddy's parlor looking so.

Ethel—Just turn your head the other way, Fanny.

Fanny (two seconds later)—Why-ee! Ethel Simpkins, where's all that dust that was on your shoes?

Ethel (whispering)—On my stockings.—*Puck.*

Just the Reverse.

Mrs. Pry (to applicant for a tenement)—Does your husband stop out late at night?

Applicant—He does.

Mrs. P.—Very late?

A.—Yes, very late.

Mrs. P. (with a toss of her head)—Ah! belongs to a club. I suppose?

A. (calmly)—No, the club belongs to him. He's a policeman.—*Boston Courier.*

MR. W. EDGAR BUCK, Basso-Cantante. Pupil of Manuel Garcia, London, Eng. Conductor "Toronto Vocal Society." Voice Culture and Singing. Instruction for Oratorio, Opera and Concerts. 555 Church St.

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Have received this week a special purchase from one of the large German manufacturers of Baskets—Lunch Baskets of various sizes and styles, Work Baskets, Paper Holders, Sponge Baskets, Waste Paper Baskets—will be sold at most popular prices. We issue this week another edition of our Price List, more complete and extensive than heretofore, and ask you to read it carefully; it won't take long, and we believe it will be more to your advantage than ones if you came here to trade, as we know you will if you read it carefully. We want each family in town to have one, and any we overlook we will send free on application. We have this week made reductions in price on many yet timely articles. "Fly Traps," "Fly Killers," Wire Dish Covers, &c., to which we ask your attention. After the 5th of September our store will be open evenings until further notice.

W. H. BENTLEY & CO.

Grand Opera House

OPENING OF THE REGULAR SEASON

WEEK BEGINNING

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

The Reigning Favorite of the Comedy Stage, the Charming and Gifted Comedienne

MISS VERNONA

JARBEAU

In Her Brilliant Musical Comedy

STARLIGHT

Replete with all the Latest Opera Gems, Pretty Faces, Exquisite Toilets. A Company of Acknowledged Comedy Artists. Catchy Songs, Oriental Music. New Gavotte by Handsome Girls, Beautifully Costumed. Witty Sayings, Funny Situations. That's enough, don't you think?

Sale of seats begin Friday, Aug. 25.

JEFF D. BERNSTEIN, Proprietor and Manager.

McKEOWN & CO.'S

SUMMER

CLOSING OUT SALE

During next week we will dispose of the remainder of our Summer Stock at any sacrifice to clear.

We must have room for our Fall Goods arriving daily.

In our Mantle Department we will clear

Summer Jackets at $1, were sold at $2 50.

Summer Jackets clearing at $2, were sold at $4.

Summer Jackets, clearing at $2.75, were sold at $5.

Ladies' Waterproof Cloaks for 25c., were sold at $1.

Ladies' Waterproof Cloaks for 75c., were sold at $2 00.

Ladies' Waterproof Cloaks for $2, were sold at $3 50.

Parasols and Umbrellas clearing out regardless of cost.

A lot of Parasols will be cleared at 50c., less than half price.

Parasols clearing at 75c., $1, $1.50, were sold at $1 50 to $3 each.

A lot of Boating Shawls, all colors, will be sold at 75c. each.

JERSEYS, JERSEYS, JERSEYS

Jerseys selling for 75c., worth $1.25.

Jerseys clearing at $1 25, worth $2.

A large lot of Colored Jerseys will be sold less than half price.

Ladies' Blouse and Shirt Waists closing out less than cost price.

Ladies' and Children's White Muslin Underwear will be cleared out next week regardless of value or original cost price.

McKeown & Company

182 Yonge Street

CARD

Having on hand a large and varied stock of Imported Coats and Vests for Summer wear, and desirous of clearing them out I am offering them at greatly reduced prices. Also a special discount of ten per cent. on all custom work in the next thirty days.

HENRY A. TAYLOR

The Fashionable West End Tailor

No. 1 Rossin House Block

REMOVAL

Remington Standard Typewriter

Headquarters is now at

4 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO

GEO. BENGOUGH, Agent.

OUR Terrific Cut on Prices

Did the work, and produced a crowd of buyers large enough, enthusiastic enough and liberal enough to overwhelm less capable merchants than ourselves, and proved to the people that our great

$2.75

BOYS' SUIT SALE

Was a genuine Bonanza for the citizens of Toronto. Although our sales have been enormous, we have still about

290

OF THE 1,000 LOT LEFT

But they are going fast. If you are wanting a bargain now is the time.

Boys' Suits, regular prices $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5, $5.50 and $6,

ALL GO FOR

$2.75

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street

Corner Shuter Street

BROWN'S PARIS : : JEWELRY : : STORE

A new line of Novelties just in, consisting of

Garter Buckles

Dress Buckles

Match Safes

Memorandum Tablets

Shoe Hooks

Euchre Decks

and Bon Bonnaires

All in Old Silver and Very Cheap

J. E. BROWN & CO.

110 YONGE STREET

West Enders

You need no longer pay street car fare down town and back again to buy cheap clothing. We are underselling our down town competitors inasmuch as our expenses are less, our rents smaller.

MOTHERS, bring your boys to us. We will clothe them to your satisfaction. Remember, we guarantee a fit in every case.

T. K. ROGERS

522 Queen St. West, Toronto

CORSETS MADE TO ORDER

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Dress Cutting Taught

Magic Scale Agency

MISS CHUBB

476½ Yonge St., Just South of College

The Sex are Queer.

There were four passengers of us who got off at a country junction to wait two hours for the train on the other line—two men and two women. None of us had ever seen each other before. The station was little better than a barn, with no house nearer than a quarter of a mile. The women gave each other a look and entered the sitting-room, where they sat down as far a part as possible.

"Well, old boy," remarked the strange man to me. "Have a smoke?"

"You bet."

And in five minutes we were well acquainted, and playing euchre under the shadow of a box-car. He didn't take me for a thief, and I never suspected him of murder, and the two hours went by in a hurry.

Not so in the depot, however. For the first half hour the two women glared at each other. Neither would speak first. Each was afraid of the other. One looked out into a turnip field, and the other into a swamp. Now and then one or the other mustered up courage to approach the door and look out, but always to return to her seat again. Only one had a watch. She consulted it every five minutes, but the other dared not ask her what time it was. As an offset, however, a wooden pail, half full of warm water, stood near her, and though the other lady was dying for a drink she dared not go over to the pail. One had a novel, and the other had a bundle of shells and curiosities, and they could have chatted and visited and read and had a good time. But they dared not. They had not been introduced. What an awful, awful thing if they had spoken and acted civilized, and then one had found out that the other was only a hired girl!—*Detroit Free Press.*

She'd Seen Them.

English husband—How they do work it for us in America. I see in the paper that a man shot another in mistake for a bear. I can't believe that for a tale.

Wife (snappishly)—I can, and I wonder it doesn't often occur in England.

Books and Magazines.

Scribner's for September opens with a finely illustrated article on life in the American navy. Donald G. Mitchell's sketch, The Country House, A Crown Jewel—Heligoland, and Walter Cranston Larned's Millet and Recent Criticism, repay earnest perusal. The number is an excellent one.

To the September *Atlantic* Justin Winsor contributes an able paper on the Perils of Historical Narrative. Oliver Wendell Holmes still talks across the teacups, while a story of the troublous times of 1760, a biographical sketch of Mme. de Montespan, an article by J. R. Lowell, and a comment on the Marchioness de San Carlos' impressions of Americans make a number of more than average interest.

In *Lippincott's* for the coming month a brave array of helpful reading matter awaits us. Julian Hawthorne writes on The Romance of the Impossible, a dainty poem is contributed by Dora Read Goodall, The Art of Interviewing is tersely treated and the Folksophy of Folk Lore proves interesting reading.

Belford's September issue has a sketch of General Gordon, a reminiscence of Lincoln, a boldly-written article called, Woman from her own Standpoint, and some excellent editorial and review matter.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BURK—At Toronto, on August 25, Mrs. Arthur W. Burk—a son.

CLARK—At Toronto, on August 26, Mrs. S. H. Clark—a son.

MACCULLOCH—At Toronto, on August 25, Mrs. W. Macculloch—a son.

NEWELL—At Port Dover, on August 23, Mrs. J. F. Newell—a son.

TORRANCE—At Guelph, on August 18, Mrs. R. L. Torrance—a son.

OWEN—At Toronto, on August 21, Mrs. Alfred B Owen—a son.

MONCRIEFF—At Toronto, on August 25, Mrs. W. G. Moncrieff—a son.

AULT—At Barrie, on August 24, Mrs. W. Ault—a daughter.

SCHOLE—At Toronto, on August 22, Mrs. T. Scholes—a son.

MITCHELL—At Toronto, on July 29, Mrs. Thomas Mitchell—a daughter.

FORES—At Toronto, on August 25, Mrs. H. W. Fores—a daughter.

KITCHENER—At Toronto, on August 26, Mrs. Fred M. Kitchener—a daughter.

MANES—At Sheffield, on August 24, Mrs. J. T. Manes—a son.

LEACH—At Toronto, on August 21, Mrs. H. Scott Leach—a son.

Marriages.

BROWN—BELL—At Toronto, on August 26, James E. Brown to Clara L. Bell

ROWAN—MACKAY—At Woodstock, on August 20, John H. Rowan of Toronto to Jessie Mackay

BLAND—CARTWRIGHT—At Toronto, on August 20, Lancelot J. Bland to Emily Cartwright.

INNES—CRUICKSHANK—At Toronto, on August 22, John Innes of Elora to Jessie Cruickshank.

ALLISON—WALLACE—At Lefroy, Ont., on August 25, Alexander Allison of Chicago, Ill., to Janet H. Wallace.

GRANT—MINGAYE—At Montreal, on August 21, William Shearer Grant of Winnipeg to Mary Evelyn Mingaye.

LOUTTIT—NEIL—At Peninsula Harbour, Ont., on August 13, William Louttit of White River to Millie Neil of Castleford.

RICE—SMITH—At Homer, N. Y., on August 21, Peter J. Rice, M.D., of Nanaimo, B.C., to Winifred E. Smith.

DALEY—RUSH—At St. Mary's Church, Toronto, on August 25, by Rev. Father Rooney, John W. Daley to Ellie Rush.

CHANDLER—FREEMAN—At South Bend, Ind., on August 20, Rev. George Chandler of Hamilton to Miss Freeman.

CLOUSE—BINGHAM—At Orillia, on August 21, Elias Clouse, M.D., of Toronto, to Annie Bingham.

LESLIE—DURYEA—At Grand Haven, Mich., on August 21, Alexander Leslie of Walkerville, Ont., to Arcillia B. Duryea.

Deaths.

MILLS—At Toronto, on August 22, Ada Jane Mills, aged 14 years.

REGAN—Drowned from off the propellor Badger State, between Buffalo and Duluth, on August 8, Alfred Edwin Regan of Toronto, aged 23 years.

WADSWORTH—At Toronto, on August 25, Joseph Wadsworth, aged 18 years.

BATTELL—At Cobourg, Thomas Battell, aged 57 years.

QUIGLEY—At Oshawa, on August 24, Malichi Quigley, J. P., aged 79 years.

CRUISE—At Buffalo, on August 21, William G. Cruise.

DOHERTY—At Toronto, on August 21, William George Doherty, aged 1 year.

WILSON—At Toronto, on August 26, Margaret Wilson, aged 80 years.

WILTSHIRE—On August 22, youngest child of Clara and Henry Horace Wiltshire

GARDINER—At St. Catharines, on August 16, Mrs. Sarah Withers Gardiner, aged 86 years.

JESSETT—At Sheffield, England, on August 9, Mrs. T. D. Jessett.

EVANS—At Toronto, on August 24, John J. Evans, aged 76 years

HALDAN—At San Jose, California, on August 3, Amy Haldan.

LAYNG—At Oshawa, on August 23, Jane M. Layng, late of Detroit.

MORRISON—At Toronto, on August 23, infant son of W. A. Morrison.

MORRISON—At Toronto, on August 24, Mrs. W. A. Morrison, aged 29 years

SEYMOUR—Drowned, on August 23, Ernest Seymour, aged 18 years.

BAKER—At West Toronto Junction, on August 25, Mrs. J. Baker, aged 64 years.

PHILLIPS—At Toronto, on August 27, Mrs. Arthur E. Phillips, aged 22 years.

SPICER—At Toronto, on August 27, only child of Samuel and Emma Spicer, aged 11 months.

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Infantile Reasoning

There is a wee fellow in one of the suburban towns who combines in his small frame a sense of justice and a fund of humor quite sufficient for a man of much larger growth. A few days ago he had a severe pain in that part of his anatomy especially devoted to infantile aches, and in this case, as in many others, the stern visitation resulting from an unlicensed indulgence in green fruit.

"Mamma," asked the inquiring youngster in one of the intervals in which he had leisure to indulge in abstract speculation, "mamma, who gave me this pain, God?"

"Yes, Frankie; God did."

"Why, mamma?"

"To punish you for being a bad little boy."

Frankie, who discovered his mamma and ate green apples,"

"But you just whipped me for that."

Then followed a few moments of pain, during which there was generated the resentment that broke out in the following:

"Well, mamma, I'd just thank God to let a fellow alone that's got his mother to punish him, and save his punishments for orphans and children that haven't got anybody else to see that they get punished for being bad."—*New York Evening Sun.*